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THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1952

THE MEANING OF MONARCHY

IT would be unreasonable as well as churlish to question the sincerity of the numerous tributes to King George VI which have dwelt on the personal character of the grief which his death has aroused. It was not vulgar taste for pageantry which brought crowds bare-headed, silent and bearing the symbols of mourning into the streets of London to watch the solemn progress of his body to Westminster Hall, which prompted them to go in thousands to pay their last respects to him there. All emotions are complex, and sincerity consists not in acting according to feeling but in acting according to belief. The true key to men's characters is not what they feel but what they would be ashamed to confess that they did not feel, and there are few Englishmen who would freely confess to having felt no sorrow either for the loss of their king or for the bereavement of his family.

It would be misleading to describe that sorrow as public. It does not express itself in fine abstractions but in the simple terms of private grief. It is a politically significant fact that Englishmen speak and think of the monarchy and the royal family in this way, and in this fact lies the modern meaning of the Crown.

The jargon which affirms that its functions are symbolic is psychologically and constitutionally false. There is more meaning even in the twentieth century in the traditional doctrine of theologians that monarchy is a " natural sacrament ", for it is the essence of a sacrament that it both performs a practical service in the natural order and embodies an inner truth. The practical services of kings of England are too numerous to be listed and too obvious to need repetition. They have become so burdensome in recent years as to put them almost beyond the power of a normally healthy man. They brought King George VI to a premature death and if allowed to multiply at their present rate they will place an intolerable burden on his daughter. It is impossible to exaggerate his contribution to the atmosphere which made it possible to accomplish peacefully the sweeping changes which his reign saw. We have yet to learn how far his counsel, given in the exercise of a constitutional monarch's right to advise his advisors, influenced the conduct of his ministers, but

we already have the testimony of the two Prime Ministers who served him longest to the value of his counsel.

The inner meaning of monarchy has been the subject of many eulogies in the last weeks but it is to the earlier theoreticians of monarchy that we must turn to look for the clue to it. Hooker, like Dante, based the case for monarchy on the need of all members of the political community to own one, and only one, master lest having two, one should command them to go to the temple and another to the army. The king still embodies that principle of common allegiance to a supreme governor which is the bond of social peace. The preservation of order in a land divided by political conflicts depends upon men being able to keep before their minds the distinction between the government of the day which many will hate, and the State which all must obey ; and the Crown represents the State more effectually than any government can claim to. The existence of a king whose rights, though derived from statute, are inherited, reminds those in power no less than those subject to it that their duties are owed not to a party or even to their contemporaries but to the nation which is formed by history and must answer to posterity. A president dependent for his power on the fashions of political belief cannot do this. Inanimate symbols, the flags and historic monuments so dear to republican romanticism, might serve the needs of a people reared in a more abstract tradition of political thinking, but in Britain where politics are impregnated by the idea that all rights are ultimately private this duty can only be performed by a man or a woman, and can only be fully performed by one whose life typifies modest ideals of family and civic virtue on which the community depends and which it exists to foster. In honouring the memory of George VI and revering Elizabeth II the people of England do not merely express their national unity, they realize it and strengthen it.

AFRICAN NATIONALISM

By Sir Charles Dundas

AMONG sundry post-war trends in Africa is so-called nationalism—if that is the right word for a movement that, in fact, is racial or continental. The word " African " is here used in the sense of the Negro world of this great continent, sometimes referred to as Africa south of the Sahara, a vast region containing some 150,000,000 Black inhabitants and perhaps three million Whites inclusive of those in the Union of South Africa. Save for the rather exotic case of Abyssinia and the dubious example of Liberia, there are, of course, no Negro nations, but the Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Labour Government predicted that new nations will arise in Africa and so it may be assumed that policy is being shaped to meet that eventuality. And proceeding on that assumption one question that poses itself is : of what sort, composition and regional distribution will be these new African nations ?

With few exceptions the peoples of Africa have hitherto been splintered into hundreds of small groups, tribes, as we call them, with rather vague notions as to what constitutes a tribe, sept or clan. In that Africans were not different from other races in their primitive times, wherefore there is no reason to suppose that, following the normal course of mankind, they would not have progressed in due time to the national order of society. But before that stage was reached all natural evolution was halted by irruption into their midst of wholly alien forces that imposed grouping of their own devising and for ends that were all else than nationalistic in the sense of nation building. Africa was parcelled out among European powers according to their several opportunities, inclinations and conveniences, not in conformity with any natural divisions. There were in truth scarcely such divisions ; in most cases it was even impracticable to draw boundaries that did not cut through tribes, for if that had been attempted the configuration of present-day territories would be a jig-saw pattern. The same dilemma or easement, as the case may be, will present itself in the building of the new African nations.

The peoples of Africa are now impounded, as it were, in zones carved out by European governments and demarcated by map lines that for the Natives can in most cases have no significance. Probably no African country of to-day corresponds in the least to any national

combination Africans might have formed or for that matter may yet form of their own accord. Are we then to anticipate the emergence of African nations conforming to existing territorial divisions? Can there be a Gold Coast, a Nigerian, Rhodesian, Tanganyika Territory, Kenya, and Uganda nation? The very names are derisory and though the inhabitants coin more appropriate names they can hardly entertain genuine national sentiment for countries that are purely products of alien contrivance. What in these circumstances may be the basis of national development in Africa?

The situation and prospects in West and East Africa differ widely. The colonies on the western side are under several flags and those under the Union Jack are separated one from the other by intervening foreign territories. Each one is isolated and its neighbouring people, however akin thay may be, live under another régime whose methods, policies and aims differ markedly from ours. Thus so long as European rule obtains our West Africans cannot merge with others beyond their appointed borders and in these conditions they could only form nations within the borders assigned to them. Yet it is noteworthy that a confederaton of British West African territories has been mooted by leading Natives and, though it is difficult to see how without direct access between them such could amount to much more than administrative collaboration of the sort already existing, the suggestion implies a conception of African unity not to be restricted by territorial boundaries. The inference herefrom is that Africans do not discern defined limits to grouping once it goes beyond that of the tribe. If that conception takes root its spread may be comprehensive and the urge will be to eliminate prescribed dividing lines. If this is African nationalism it is capable of widest expansion and why should it not be so, seeing that Africans never have known national division, but only so to speak local sectionalism?

On the eastern side of the continent, wherein for present purposes may be included South Africa, the position is in one sense more complex, in another less so. Here is continuous territory under British rule from the Zambesi River to the borders of Abyssinia and Commonwealth domain from the Cape of Good Hope to the Middle Nile, a span of some four thousand miles. In all this vast region there are virtually no physical barriers and no conspicuous racial distinctions. The great mass of the inhabitants, at least 30 million in number, are Bantus, among whom variations of speech, habit and culture are not so marked as to be clearly distinguishing; even those who are not of the Bantu race hardly have distinct identity as strangers in Bantuland. There are no exact delimitations of tribal lands, tribal domain is wherever tribesmen live and on the fringes there is invariably intermingling and inter-marriage; the Masai, for example, one of the most distinct of non-Bantu tribes, have always taken to

themselves (mostly by robbery and enticement) Bantu women. Territorial boundaries are as often as not lines of contact rather than of separation ; the Masai dwell on both sides of the Kenya/Tanganyika border, as do the Digo people on the coast ; in all the region around Lake Victoria the people are related through a Hima aristocracy ; Angoni, a Zulu offshoot, inhabit Tanganyika Territory, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia ; the Bechuana group is represented in the Barotse of Northern Rhodesia, and so on. From the valley of the Upper Nile to the Limpopo and beyond there is continuous kinship and nowhere a clear dividing line. If ever these people come to think in terms of nationhood the local diversities, the old feuds and the European-made boundaries will not count for much in their estimation.

Over and above these potentially unifying factors there is in East Africa a common cause of a sort that is non-existent in West Africa, namely the cause of Colour, prevailing from north of the Equator to the southernmost tip of the Continent, acutely so in Kenya, Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa and in that order of intensity.

In West Africa Native aspirations have been more political than national ; there was none to dispute their claims, and they had only to strive for self-government, the achievement of which was only a matter of timing. On the eastern side of the continent the indigenous peoples have to contend for recognition of their rights, for equality with Europeans in their midst who have acquired privileged status and political dominance. The contest must become stubborn because on the one side stand small White minorities rightly fearful of being submerged in Black multitudes, on the other side those multitudes faced with the alternatives of asserting themselves or being forever relegated to a subordinate lot and voiceless. Whatever the outcome the struggle can hardly fail to rally the Africans and to be a spur to unity among them.

Herein east and west contrast strikingly. West Africa is physically and politically divided and has no strong incentive to nationalism. In East Africa all conditions are given for its growth : absence of demarcations, uniformity of institutions, racial kinship, potent common cause. And to this list is to be added yet another factor, instigation not only from without, effectual as that may be, but from within, unintended though it is.

When the Nationalist party in the Union of South Africa came into power and propounded their native policy of *Apartheid*, an Afrikaans word implying something more than segregation, certain politically-minded Natives interpreted it as meaning that there was to be established a separate zone or country exclusively Black and semi-autonomous. In point of fact they were not the only ones to jump to that conclusion, for prominent Europeans entertained and still

entertain the same idea ; many find it difficult to conceive what else *Apartheid*, as first enunciated, could mean when translated in that form. Be that as it may, it is noteworthy that native promoters of the idea unhesitatingly coined for the projected Black country the name " Bantustan ", which has since been frequently used to denote *Apartheid* in most complete form. The significance of this name, Bantustan, compounded of African and Indian words, lies in the apparent fact that its authors knew no other name by which African peoples collectively might be designated. They at once conceived themselves as a homogeneous group to be united after the model of India and in that they had the vision of all Bantus united, an ideal that may be easily popularized. From the European point of view that is a formidable prospect, yet unquestionably its inception derives from European source and, paradoxical though it may seem, White nationalism has begotten Black nationalism, than which nothing could be more at variance with the aims of the authors of *Apartheid.* After all a people set apart will be conscious of their identity and will seek association with others of their kind. From the same cause there has now emerged a body styling itself The All African Congress in imitation of the All Indian Congress. Thus incipient motive for African unity has been given where least it was desired. What is wanting so far is competent and vigorous leadership, but it would be unwise to think that it will never be forthcoming ; guidance on the art of propaganda will not fail to be furnished from external quarters.

The aims of African nationalism, racialism, call it what you will, in fine the spirit of emancipation, will, no doubt, be realized more slowly than in western Africa, but will rest on a firmer and more natural foundation. The pace of advance on the western side has been more spectacular, but the goal is more magnetic and the spur sharper in the eas. The trend is, however, the same everywhere and when people throughout a continent cherish one common ideal it has great welding power. We may yet see in Africa, not new nations, but *a* nation, a Bantu nation, whether confederate or more closely knit, and in either case powerful.

Setting aside considerations of what is the sole interest of white men in Africa, what will be to the best advantage for the Africans themselves ? If nationalism were to reproduce in Africa the seething rivalries, the animosities, the wars, conquests and bandying about of whole populations that have punctuated the history of Europe through centuries it would be a new scourge laid upon the Dark Continent and a sorry end to our vaunted civilizing mission there. But if we anticipate the emergence of a number of African nations we have no good reason to hope that they will be less predatory than the nations of other continents have been ; on the contrary they might be

more so, being young and inexperienced and less remote in time from the state of barbarity. It is perhaps not too much to say that the only way of escape from such a dismal fate lies in racial or continental union, as is coming to be recognized as the panacea for the age-old ills of Europe. It is not impossible that Africans should begin at the point which we at long last are approaching. Wisely guided they start on a new era with all the advantages and none of the trammels of the old world.They have been roused out of their long torpor and have been hustled straight from the primitive to the scientific age, from the bow and arrow to the atom bomb, so to speak. It is equally possible that they may also leap the painful stages of social development through which Europeans have passed and still are passing, that they may go direct from the tribal to the racial or continental order of human association, and skip the national grouping. If so tribalism, which has ever been their weakness, may ultimately be their strength, since if it kept them fragmented and disunited it did not cause them to be barricaded behind rigid borders and sundered by hoary allegiances. Such barriers as formerly stood between African groups may be said to have been psychological rather than physical and we ourselves may become the psychologists who prescribe the cure, bringing, even thrusting, them together in common purpose such as in the past they lacked or failed to perceive. If we can do this for them our intrusion in their world will be justified and our mission fulfilled. On this premise we shall do right to further an African unity of more than national dimension.

(*The Hon. Sir Charles Dundas, K.C.M.G., who writes from South Africa, was Chief Secretary of Northern Rhodesia in the* 1930's. *He has served* 24 *years in various capacities in East Africa and from* 1940 *to* 1944 *was Governor of Uganda.*)

NATIONALISM IN THE GOLD COAST—I.

By Asa Briggs

THE slogans and symbols of nationalistic movements are usually very simple, but the social and political background is complex. *The Accra Evening News*, founded by Kwame Nkrumah in 1949, has as its motto : "We prefer Self-Government with danger to servitude in tranquillity." There could be no more simple a statement of a nationalist point of view. But the arguments used to justify the belief that "we have the right to govern ourselves" have been culled from many and sometimes conflicting sources and the methods urged and adopted by different groups in the story of Gold Coast nationalism have been as various as the theories advanced to justify it.

The nationalist movement in the Gold Coast began with the protests of a few intellectuals or chiefs against the encroachment upon traditional rights. Arguments were drawn from history to show that the relationship between Britain and the Gold Coast had been " one of friendship between a stronger and a weaker people" and not one of mastery and subordination. The famous Bond of 1844 between the British and certain Fanti chiefs was frequently quoted as a quasi-legal foundation of twentieth-century self-government. So too was the statement that the Ashanti had never been conquered by the British. Nationalism based on such premises might stir the few but it lacked appeal to the many. It was popular with lawyers, but it made little headway with business men, workers or farmers until it changed its arguments. The representative figure of this early movement, which can be traced back to a time even before the formation of the Aborigines' Rights Protection Society in 1898, was Caseley Hayford. Although there were limits to his influence he was an important pioneer, spreading the conception of a partnership of the peoples of both the Colony and Ashanti, working together to create a self-governing nation, despite their traditional rivalries.

To-day nationalism is a popular movement, stressing not so much the historical arguments, which served a previous generation so well, as the need for " national liberation " and the new vista of opportunities that self-government will afford. Many of the leaders of the movement have been young men particularly from the time of the setting up of the Youth Conference by Dr. Danquah in 1930. In a

rapidly changing society the social supremacy of the old was increasingly challenged. As in the Young Turk movement, youth was valued for its own sake, and fresh generations brought a new outlook and a new energy to the developing popular nationalism.

The arguments for self-government took on a different shape. First there was a rationalization of revolt. The struggle for self-government was conceived of as a fight against "imperialism"—against colonial paternalism, racialism and economic domination. Theories of natural rights were hastily put together in the same way that they were put together by the English popular radicals in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The Bible was used as much as the political treatise to provide the relevant texts. Later on an often eclectic theory of "the colonial struggle" was evolved, but although it was tinged with Marxism, it was never rigid or "closed".

In addition to the negative aspect—the fight against certain institutions and attitudes—there has also been an underlying positive aspiration. To some extent the desire for self-government is a protest against low living standards and a demand for a new order. As *The Accra Evening News* put it, "as long as we remain under an imperialist government we shall continue to be poor, unemployed, ill-fed, ill-clad and continually oppressed, enslaved and exploited. Therefore to ameliorate our condition we can do nothing but ask for Self-Government now." Self-government becomes a panacea for economic woes. In positive terms it is thought to mean more schools, more roads, more hospitals, more factories, bigger wage packets, bigger profits for business men, and bigger returns to the farmers.

The widening of the basis of the arguments for it increased its popular appeal. The statement of the case in terms of natural rights was more attractive than the statement of the case in terms of historic rights. The statement of the case in terms of social rights is stronger than either. Changes in the character of the arguments used have to some extent reflected changes in the social structure of the country; to some extent they have provided in themselves a new dynamic encouraging further change. As the arguments won the attention of a bigger public the case for colonial paternalism in the Gold Coast was completely undermined. What had begun as a series of sporadic protests had become a vociferous and continuous popular movement.

Before 1939 the slump in cocoa prices and consequent wage-cuts led to the great hold-up of 1937-1938, which ushered in recent Gold Coast history. Before 1939 also, constitutional changes were planned to replace the Constitution of 1928. The war quickened national aspirations at the same time that it delayed the possibility of action to meet them. An attempt was made in 1946 to reshape the Constitution along lines agreed upon in 1943, but what was offered by the

Colonial Office was too little and too late. Although the introduction for the first time of an African unofficial majority in the Legislative Council appeared from London to be revolutionary in its implications, from the standpoint of Accra it appeared merely as a conservative adjustment "within the iron framework of the Crown Colony system." As the all-African Coussey Committee put it in 1949, " the ' Burns ' Constitution was conceived in 1943 at a time when the greatest of all human conflicts was convulsing the world. It is clear to any student of recent history that what have might been ideally suited to the conditions of 1943 was wholly out of place in 1946, so rapidly had the forces released by a global war changed men's outlook and aspirations."

It was not only the forces released by a global war which swept away the Burns' Constitution before it had time to be given any sort of a trial. There were other forces too—economic inflation and a sharp rise in the cost-of-living on the one hand, and more efficient political organization and an increasing popular interest in politics on the other hand—which provided the background for the serious disturbances in the Gold Coast in February 1948. Widespread looting and rioting revealed a hidden world of unrest and discontent. The demand for " self-government " became too loud to be ignored, and the Watson Commission of Inquiry into the disturbances urged that the whole question of constitutional reform should be examined in detail by a responsible committee, which could go on to outline a more democratic constitution for the Gold Coast.

As a direct consequence of the Watson Report the all-African Coussey Committee explored the situation and made precise recommendations. Its report, presented to the Governor in August 1949, was comprehensive and clearly thought out. A framework of central and local government was proposed, which for the first time afforded the machinery of a modern democratic State. Yet " the accumulated experience and wisdom of the past " was not discarded, and the Colonial Secretary, congratulating the Committee on the drafting of " a most valuable report ", praised in particular the skilful blending of old and new. He accepted most of the recommendations of the Coussey Committee—with the one significant exception of the proposal to make the Executive Council collectively responsible to the Legislative Assembly. The preparation of constitutional instruments to give effect to the proposal was ordered immediately, and the new Constitution was promulgated in December 1950.

At first sight it would appear that with the promulgation of a Constitution, setting up an almost completely African Legislative Assembly and Executive Council and a ministerial system, the constitution-

makers had caught up with nationalists, and at last political facts and constitutional formulas no longer diverged. But between the period of disturbances in 1948 and the coming into effect of the Constitution in 1951 the political situation had been completely transformed. A new phase in the development of Gold Coast nationalism had begun. Nationalism had operated in the past through voluntary organizations, youth groups and pressure-lobbies or from 1947 onwards through a front organization—the United Gold Coast Convention. Now it began to express itself in the organization and propaganda of the Convention People's Party, none of whose leaders had sat on the Coussey Committee and many of whom regarded the new Constitution not as a constitutional springboard but as merely the latest manoeuvre of an imperialist régime, as a " bogus and fraudulent " product. There was thus ample raw material for further conflict, particularly when the Convention People's Party soon revealed that it had struck far deeper roots among the population than any previous nationalist movement in the Gold Coast.

The C.P.P. was an offshoot of the United Gold Coast Convention. Its leader, Dr. KwameNkrumah, had been general secretary of the Convention before he founded the new party in June 1949. He wished to go further than the U.G.C.C. leaders by pressing for " Self-Government Now " instead of for " Self-Government in the shortest possible time." More important still he wished to build up a political party rather than a front organization composed of all true patriots. He wanted an efficient party machine with central, regional and branch organizations, a strong national executive, able to decide quickly on tactical questions, and an even smaller standing committee, party cards and party rallies, and a party flag of red, white and green. Much of the actual work of organizing the party was left to Gbedemah, an active and capable leader who knew most of the secrets of effective organizing. By the time of the first elections under the new Constitution in February 1951 he had created a party machine, which was strong enough to rout all its rivals.

As in the previous nationalist movements in the Gold Coast, the central group in the making of the C.P.P. consisted almost entirely of young men. Dr. Danquah had risen through youth organizations. The C.P.P. was in turn a young revolt against what had become his (relatively) old leadership. No member of the Coussey Committee had been under the age of 29, and the supporters of the Congress of Youth Organizations which anticipated the C.P.P. were anxious to form a new and energetic *élite*, which would emancipate Gold Coast nationalism from the shackles of its established authorities.

More than a question of the personnel of leadership was involved. There was a divergence of methods, too, which began to be clear

before the C.P.P. itself was founded. Men like Dr. Nkrumah wished to build their party around the idea of what they called " positive action ". This meant breaking away from traditional methods of political agitation and being prepared, if legitimate political action and mass propaganda failed, to organize strikes, boycotts and non-co-operation, without resorting to planned violence. Several of the methods suggested appeared dubious to some of the U.G.C.C. leaders. They found them even more dubious after the party split when the C.P.P. was compelled, in its fight to gain mass approval, to launch unusually violent attacks on the U.G.C.C. leaders themselves. Any suggestion of a front was soon broken. The C.P.P. leaders became very proud of their prison caps and of the fact that they were " prison graduates " ; they gloried too in their freedom from unnecessary restraint. It was in one long triumphant progress that they carried their campaign into the villages, where nationalism had previously been a negligible force, and set up their red, white and green flags as symbols of a new dispensation.

The Constitution of 1950 had not been designed to fit a political situation where one party gained almost complete control at the elections. It envisaged a balance of forces and interests rather than a clash of parties or principles. What happened at the elections of February 1951 was a C.P.P. landslide. Mass rallies in the towns soon drove the U.G.C.C. from the field. In the villages C.P.P. loudspeaker vans and cars brightly painted in the party colours stirred up a political consciousness which guaranteed electoral success. In the more remote parts of the country agents travelled on foot carrying pamphlets and newspapers and taking part in personal canvassing. The spoken word and the written word were not considered appealing enough. Popular tunes, like the " C.P.P. High Life " and the " Nkrumah High Life ", were played at dances. Party symbols could be seen in all parts of the country. The slogan " Freedom ! " was shouted everywhere, with an accompanying fraternal salute. The fact that Dr. Nkrumah was in gaol throughout the electoral campaign added to rather than subtracted from the popular appeal of the message. " Self-Government Now " was directly and deliberately associated in people's minds with the dreams of a new order, which had always underlain the abstract theories of nationalism. Many promises were made including a unified system of free, compulsory education, a five-year plan for social and economic development, a unified judicial system, and a complete overhaul of local government. These reforms could only be carried out, it was declared, if men were sent to the Assembly " tried in the furnace of national tribulation and not found wanting."

The C.P.P. not only won a clear majority over all other parties in

the Assembly. It built up enormous majorities in the constituencies and humiliated as well as defeated its opponents. It was so successful that it could claim legitimately, in February 1951 at any rate, that it was in itself the only effective vehicle of Gold Coast nationalism, that the future of the Gold Coast as a nation depended upon the success of the C.P.P. as a party, and that if the C.P.P. failed the whole nationalist idea would quiver and quake in consequence. It was successful enough too to be able to take over six of the eight representative ministries in the Executive Council; for Kwame Nkrumah to be released from gaol in order to become Leader of Government Business as well as Permanent Head of the Party; and for the interesting experiment to begin of a party actually trying out a constitution which it had described as "bogus and fraudulent".

In the second of these two articles, events since February 1951 will be discussed in the light of their bearing in the future as well as on the past. Summing up the main theme of the history of Gold Coast nationalism down to the time of the elections—the widening of the appeal of nationalist argument—four factors are of central importance: the change in the social background of the movement as a result of the increasing development and urbanization of the Gold Coast; in the nature of the arguments advanced, as the movement applied itself to new sections of the population; in the form of organization, as voluntary bodies gave way to a national front and later to a national front—although still not dead—to be a political party; in the tactics employed, as an intelligent leadership emerged, which was prepared to be less scrupulous than its predecessors in its choice of methods.

The C.P.P. was thus the end-product of a chain of processes. It was clear about its purposes and determined to secure them. Above all it was realistic enough to know that it needs a mass party to stir up political consciousness, and idealistic enough to know that it needs the vision of a new age to galvanize men in the present. The group of men who formed the inner ring of the party were and are aware that their primary task is to remain in touch with popular opinion. "In everything we say and do . . we must avoid getting isolated from the people." That "the people" were there at all in 1951 was the greatest triumph of the C.P.P. and their nationalist predecessors. In becoming a popular movement, nationalism in the Gold Coast, as in other countries, had created a force which it may not always be possible to control.

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SYRIA IS NOT YET A DEMOCRACY

From a Correspondent

THE beginning of 1952 found almost all Syria's leading politicians in the military prison three miles outside Damascus. For the fourth time in three years the army was snapping its fingers at the principles of democratic government and nobody either inside or outside the country seemed to mind. Military intervention in Syria has become too frequent to excite serious interest, which means quite simply that democracy has failed.

The latest intervention is perhaps the most tragic from the point of view of the people of Syria. There were reasons for thinking that the coup of December 1949 might be the last. It was arguable that the special circumstances in which previous coups had been staged would not repeat themselves, that the overthrow of President Quwatli by Colonel Zaim was necessitated by the rôle Syria was called to play in the Palestine war, that Colonel Zaim's own downfall was due to megalomania and that his successor was removed because he was planning to unite Syria with Iraq. There had then come to the top, in reality if not in rank, the astute Lieutenant-Colonel Shishakli, who was no megalomaniac and who claimed to be interested only in maintaining Syria's national independence. He was apparently prepared to drive from the back seat, which might satisfy those politicians who were happy so long as they could be seen sitting in the front. Besides there was reason to suppose that Colonel Shishakli had been the driving force, as a junior officer, in each of the earlier coups, so that his elevation brought the revolutionary element in the army to the top there were no strong men immediately junior to him waiting to supplant him.

All this suggested that a compromise might be reached between the military and the civilians, a hope which was encouraged by the passage of time. The first three coups were staged in the course of 1949, but 1950 was a year of comparative stability and of considerable economic prosperity. Although there were differences of opinion between the civil and military leaders early in 1951, it was still arguable that neither party had anything to gain by breaking finally the working agreement between them. But mutual confidence was undermined and the break eventually came last November when Colonel Shishakli arrested most of the leading politicians including his

own uncle, and forced the aged President to resign.

Syria was promised her independence in 1941 immediately after the Allies had driven out the Vichy French and the republican Constitution was proclaimed in 1943. Shukri Quwatli, who had shown courage and skill when working for his country's independence, seemed to lack both as President ; too many years in opposition had made him narrow-minded and unconstructive. The country was young ; there was a desire for progress and change ; the régime was too reactionary for the temper of the people ; with the Palestine war in sight it offered proud words and promises, but failed entirely to relate them to the country's military preparedness. It was thus that it lost the confidence of the army. Colonel Zaim abolished the 1943 Constitution, began drafting a new one, but was murdered before it was completed. A Constituent Assembly was convened in November 1949 and a new and progressive Constitution promulgated in September 1950. Apart from admirable provisions demanding the improvement of social and educational standards, this removed from the President most of the powers which the earlier régime had abused. In theory this was desirable, but in a country where governments do not live long, it detracted from the value of the President as a force for political cohesion and stability. Thus the presidency has been a failure under both Constitutions ; under the first because it possessed too much power and under the second because it possessed too little. This is a continuing dilemma in Middle Eastern politics, for ambitious and unscrupulous politicians can only be prevented from damaging their country's interests if ultimate power rests with a strong head of State, but on the other hand there is no part of the world where proof is so readily and continuously available that all power corrupts. Living on the land-bridge between east and west, the Arabs are traders by tradition. Bargaining is in their blood. The outlook of the merchant and the principles of the market-place dominate politics as much as in other walks of life, and if you do not cash in on what you possess, whether it be goods or titles to property or monopolies or concessions or merely influence, you are regarded either as a weakling or as a fool.

But apart from the periodic entry of the army into the civilian china-shop, there is little to suggest that the principles of democracy have taken much root in Syria. In the first place, nobody seems particularly distressed by the bull's incursions; people seem to assume that the shop-window was only a façade which could never really be expected to keep it out, and anyway they have nothing good to say of the shop-keepers. If the shop-keepers were realistic enough to form a trade union and to use their concerted strength to protect the remaining shops, the bull would have no choice but to return eventually to his own pasture. But they are too selfish and short-

sighted to do so, and for this, not unnaturally, they lose popular respect. In the second place, nobody expects elections to be fair and therefore nobody is interested in making them fair. The sense of fair play is unknown to the market-place. Elections are just a test to see who has succeeded best in arranging the cards before the deal. Thus it follows that if you know the cards are against you, you do not enter the lists and make a sporting fight ; you retire in wrath proclaiming that the elections are rigged, which they probably are, but you do not gain much public sympathy for that. The elections in Syria in 1949 were probably as fair as any that have been held in the Middle East, because the People's Party were so certain of victory that intervention was unnecessary ; nevertheless, the National Party boycotted them and have remained out of Parliament ever since. Thirst for power is unfortunately a stronger motive than either respect for democratic principles or the desire to see proper civilian government restored to the country. Again, graft and nepotism do not excite a public outcry as they should under a democratic system, because people are accustomed to them and suspect that they would do the same themselves if given the opportunity. More serious in its effect on the administration is the extent to which changes in important posts in the civil service and in local government have been made by each successive cabinet ; continuity of policy is thereby made wellnigh impossible and important constructive projects are subjected to unnecessary delays.

Most of the Arab States other than Syria are seeking a democratic form of government under a constitutional monarchy. Progress in this direction is most evident in the Hashemite kingdoms of Iraq and Jordan but, speaking generally, the monarchy still retains absolute power in the last resort. In the present stage of development it is probably necessary that ultimate authority should rest with a single individual, in which case it is clearly preferable that this individual should owe his position to his rank and status rather than to the degree of political support he can rally in the country. A king can maintain his authority by showing impartiality and patriotism, but a president or a dictator is continually haunted by fear of removal, and must go out of his way to maintain the loyalty of his following, generally by sharing with them the fruits of office. Although none of the Middle Eastern monarchies command the universal respect which is paid to the British royal family, there is a large body of opinion which realizes the advantages of the comparative political stability that monarchy ensures and which is afraid of the vacuum that would follow its demise. The history of independent Syria is an object lesson to ponder.

Of all the Arab States Syria stands the best chance of making a republic work. Since the expulsion of King Feisal after the 1914-1918

war, the Syrians have been strangers to monarchy. Between the wars Syria was a mandate of France, the staunch protagonist of republicanism, and the French instilled their thoughts on government into the minds of an impressionable people. Besides, the inequality between rich and poor is distinctly less than in the other Arab countries, and the standard of education is also higher ; both these conditions would mean indirectly that monarchy would be likely to have less popular appeal. Such supporters of monarchy as there may be in Syria are drawn for the most part from the ranks of the older generation which remembers King Feisal and still feels that it has a link with the Hashemite dynasty. The young are anti-monarchist almost to a man. A king, after all, could only be a foreigner, which is anathema to the nationalistic spirit rife in Syria to-day. Much is talked of Arab unity, but it does not go deep. There is little genuine feeling of community between the Arab States ; there is too much suspicion and intrigue. Nowhere is it more evident than in Damascus that the Hashemite dynasty and the Saudi dynasty are struggling for power, and Syria, though she likes neither of them, feels that the nearer danger is the greater danger and treats the Hashemites with an excess of unfriendly caution. It is interesting to speculate on what proportion of this unfriendliness is due to a plain desire to remain independent of Iraq and what proportion to dislike of monarchy. For there is a strong movement towards federation with Iraq. It forms the main article in the creed of the militaristic Social-Nationalist Party, but members of the larger parties also support the idea in principle ; some see it as the only way of destroying the army's influence in politics. Nevertheless, only a small element would favour federation if it meant the introduction of a monarchist constitution.

If the republic is not working and monarchy is not favoured, there is clearly an opening for dictatorship. The people need more leadership and discipline than they are now being given and indeed many of them would welcome it. The country could be made prosperous and agricultural output in particular could be stepped up with firm guidance from the centre. The administration needs an overhaul and reform of the taxation system would bring good returns. The country would be given new life and a new spirit in which to tackle the problems of development. Few people doubt the advantages which dictatorship would bring, but equally there are few who feel confident that it offers a way of escape from present evils. It would seem doubtful whether Syria of to-day could produce a leader of the calibre necessary to make dictatorship a success ; Colonel Zaim was an example of an ambitious man who was not qualified to rule a country. General Hinnawi was less ambitious and even less qualified. Colonel Shishakli has the right measure of ambition and of competence ; he is ruthless and a master of intrigue ; he also has progressive

ideas, but he lacks the stature, both physically and mentally, which would enable him to become a popular leader. Even a popular dictator would find it difficult to remain long in office, for the Arab character soon tires of powerful men. For a while the Arab will give a leader his enthusiastic backing ; he will rouse himself from a lazy existence and will make sacrifices for a cause which appeals to him, but his love of home and his individualism eventually make him lose interest in the cause. Most Syrians would like to see a determined attempt made to develop the country's resources and to spread education and health services. They would make sacrifices for this, but if the dictator who made the attempt taxed them also for the strengthening of the armed services, for his own prestige as well as for national defence, their natural lethargy would steadily overcome the initial enthusiasm. Thus the dictator would inevitably find that he was progressively losing ground to his critics, and if he decided to take a strong line against them he would run a very real risk of assassination. Much the same treatment would, one imagines, be given in France to-day to anyone bold enough to assume dictatorial powers in a time of crisis. While patriotism and enthusiasm might initially bring popular support, the individualism of the people and their love of liberty would be likely to prevail in the longer run. Thus far a comparison is perhaps valid, but the French people have political experience, whereas the Syrians need good leadership ; the French are rich in agriculture and industry, but the Syrians have a young country which needs to be developed.

That is the factor that is too easily forgotten. The country is young ; it has not yet had ten years of free life. This period of instability may continue for another 20 years, but even then it will not seem long to historians. The country is finding its own personality and temperament ; it does not yet know itself. The balance of forces in political life has yet to be established. To take a few examples : the effective strength of the Moslem religion is considerable at present, but is declining among the educated classes, and its political potentiality can certainly be further exploited ; the impact of Communism has hitherto encouraged the hope that it will make little headway so long as the people are loyal to their Moslem faith ; hatred and fear of Israel is at present the dominant motive in politics, but it lies within Israel's power to remove it from its position of dominance ; loyalty to the tribe or to the town is now stronger than loyalty to the State, but with the spread of education and the improvement of communications, this may not be true in 20 years time. But a word of caution is necessary on the effects of education. The product of the secondary schools and the self-styled university is far more knowledgeable and capable to-day than that of a generation ago. But while this knowledge and training is being absorbed, the student

is also exposed to unpleasant political influences. Although the major political parties refrain from propaganda amongst the young, the less reputable and more extreme parties exploit the academic idealism of the teacher and the gullibility of the boy. This applies to the outlawed Communist Party, the fanatical Islamic Socialist Front, the Social-Nationalist Party and the Arab Resurrection Party. As a result the boy leaves school believing that all the western powers are unfriendly bullies, that they deliberately created Israel in order that she might colonize the Arabs, and that the alleged danger from Russia is largely the invention of western propaganda. Fortunately most of the boys eventually realize that this is a distorted picture and the degree of distortion becomes plain in particular to those who are lucky enough to travel abroad for study and commerce. While the balance of internal forces is being discovered by experience, it is no less important that the balance of international forces should be appreciated and that public opinion should begin to see Syria in proper perspective in the family of the nations. Thus the more intercourse there is between Syria and the west the more realistic will Syrian policy become.

Seen in this light, the failure of democracy in Syria is perhaps less tragic than it might otherwise be. Those who tried to make it work and who are now viewing events from their prison cells may console themselves by feeling that they are in advance of their times. The people of Syria may have to suffer many years of instability, possibly of dictatorship, but in the long run, if the country remains independent, they will return to a modified form of democracy which will pay homage to the drafters of the 1950 Constitution.

RED CHINA AND THE CHURCH

By O. M. Green

BEFORE the war the annual subscriptions from America to missions in China averaged $4,000,000. They supported 13 universities (some of which, however, such as Yenching at Peking, were shared with British missionaries), 203 hospitals, 320 orphanages and numerous schools. The contributions to the non-Roman Catholic missions of other countries cannot be stated exactly but as there were 76 of them before the war their subscriptions from home must have reached a large sum. The Roman Catholic Church also publishes no financial figures, but it is far the oldest and strongest of the Churches in China, its work being carried on by the chief religious orders, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and others, from which branched out 17 subordinate missionary bodies staffed by men and women from 19 different countries. There are many Chinese to-day whose families have been Roman Catholic since the days of the great Fathers Ricci, Schall and Verbiest in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

With the rising tide of the nationalist spirit, especially since the Revolution in 1911, it was natural that leading Chinese Christians should feel that their churches ought to be less dependent on foreign support. More than 20 years ago Canterbury decided that the Anglican Church, in which Chinese were being consecrated as bishops, must be known not as " the Church in China " (otherwise *in partibus*) but as " the Church of China ", a title which clearly carried the implication of self-responsibility. Dr. C. T. Wang, former Foreign Minister, a Christian and son of a pastor, was particularly energetic in forwarding the movement for self-support.

More clever than the Russians the Communists have never made the mistake of imitating the Bolsheviks' " anti-God campaign " with its horrible cartoons. On the contrary, the Chinese Communists while acknowledging that they themselves are atheists, are emphatic that religious belief under their régime is entirely free, as laid down in the Common Programme (a sort of constitution) when the Communist Government was established on October 1, 1949. There has never since then been any persecution of Christianity as such. Clearly the Communists perceived that it represented a force which in the long run thrives on persecution. They set themselves to pervert it

into an instrument of their own policy and propaganda while leaving it superficially untouched.

The first indication of this plan was the adoption by the People's Political Consultative Council, which was assembled in 1949 to establish the Communist Government, of a resolution that "the Church must accept the New Democracy and the Common Programme . . . admits its past connection with imperialism, especially American imperialism, and will strive to awaken Church members to the evils of imperialism and capitalism." To prove their essentially democratic purpose the Communists had included in the P.P.C.C. representatives of several revolutionary factions and minority peoples, among whom were five Chinese Christians. Not one of these men, it can be said, would have been chosen by the Christian community if the choice had been left to it. The leader and chief architect of what is now known as the Reformed Church of China was a man named Wu Yao-tsung educated at Columbia University and the Union Theological Seminary in America and for many years a prominent official of the Y.M.C.A. With its splendid buildings, libraries, swimming pools and gymnasiums, the Y.M.C.A. in China is *par excellence* a monument of American generosity. For biting the hand that fed him the example of Wu Yao-tsung would be hard to equal.

For some time nothing happened. Indeed the Christian universities, Yenching at Peking in particular, were full of hope for the future. Their students were obliged to attend classes in Marxism-Leninism, but otherwise the management was not interfered with, nor in the main were the mission schools and hospitals generally. Something, however, must have been going on behind the scenes, for, in July 1950, Wu and the other four Christians of the P.P.C.C. went to Peking for a conference with Chou En-lai the Premier, who, in a widely published speech, declared that all foreign missionaries were the tools of imperialism and could not possibly be trusted. On their return to Shanghai, the five, supported, it is said, by 40 representatives of various churches, published a declaration confessing the errors into which they had unwittingly been led by the missionaries as agents of imperialism and setting forth "the Fundamental Aims of the Church" as follows :

> Christian churches and institutions in China must endeavour, through the utmost efforts and by effective means, to enable the masses of Christians to recognize clearly the crimes committed by the imperialists in China and to know the facts of the way in which the imperialists have made use of the church in China ; they must remain alert against imperialism, especially the U.S. imperialistic intrigues to spur reactionary power through the medium of religion ; and at the same time they must encourage Christians to take part in the movement for peace and educate them to understand and support the Government's land reform policy.

In passing, the mention of the new land reform is particularly inter-

esting as there is much evidence that the Communists are worried by the reluctance of the peasants to appreciate its blessings.

The declaration excited a strong demur from the bulk of Christians in Shanghai (I am at present speaking only of the non-Roman Catholic Churches) and the Chinese Anglican bishops published a manifesto of their own. This began by acknowledging that

> the Church is not only unable to compromise with imperialism, feudalism or bureaucratic capitalism, but takes issue with them as being fundamentally in opposition to the faith of the Church. The Church has ever regarded alliance with power and prestige and the exploitation of the common people as a contradiction to the spirit of Christ. . . We therefore greatly rejoice in the liberation which has come to the people of our nation and with the utmost sincerity uphold that freedom of religious faith which is guaranteed in the Common Programme.

The bishops admit that there have in the past been some black sheep " who have disregarded the tenets of the Church " but they have been but a small number " who cannot be held to represent the whole Church : their sins, moreover, have been abhorred by the Church itself." The manifesto then deals mostly with Christian duties in daily life.

The Declaration was assiduously pushed by Peking's propaganda office. But by the end of August only 1,527 people had signed it—a clear indication of the opposition of most Christian leaders—and at the autumn meeting in Shanghai of the National Christian Council (a body formed to discuss matters of importance to all the Churches) the Declaration was not on the agenda. This was not at all to the purpose of Peking. The Council were invited to lunch by the Communist mayor and were told bluntly that the Declaration must be put down. No actual threat was used but the Council were plainly given to understand that they would be wise to adopt it. Which was done.

The next stages in the drive to free China from " cultural aggression " were largely financial. Between March and August the 13 American-supported universities were forbidden to receive any more subscriptions from America. Most of them were nationalized but two or three were allowed to carry on as private institutions provided they drew no help from America. A certain tolerance was at first allowed to British and Canadian institutions. But the latest regulation, that " All Chinese Christian churches and organizations must immediately sever relations with American missions and with other non-American funds and all such missions must cease their activities in China " shows that they too have come under the ban. Middle and primary schools operated by missions were allowed to keep their buildings but were told to dissociate themselves from the Churches and appoint directors who would " ensure the carrying

out of Government laws and decrees."

In spite of the Declaration having been adopted by the National Christian Council, the Government evidently were not satisfied with the progress of the Reformed Church. In April last 151 of the faithful were summoned to a conference in Peking with Lu Ting-yi, vice-chairman of the Government's Educational and Cultural Commission, and were told that they must show more activity, particularly in smelling out the impure. In a recent article in the *People's China* (a magazine published in Peking in English for foreign edification) Wu Yao-tsung says of this conference that all the Churches were represented and " for the first time in the history of Christianity in China complete unity was achieved." Of the sequel we have an account by Wu himself with further details by the Communist New China News Agency in London.

In June a meeting was held in Nanking when (says Wu) " Christians came together to compare their experiences with the agents of imperialism in missionary and church circles and accusations were made against a long list of people " both Chinese and foreign. Among the latter was actually the late Dr. Timothy Richard, an English Baptist, one of the best-loved men who ever went to China. The list is far too long to quote, but as a specimen of the charges, Kiang Wen-han of the Y.M.C.A. was accused of " flattering his American masters . . . he adopted the system of speaking English, eating foreign meals, using English in writing his reports, and he was proud of it." The Methodist Bishop Z. T. Kang was accused by another Methodist Bishop W. Y. Ch'en as " a bad element of the Chinese Church, a criminal and reactionary element." One well-known American missionary, Frank Price of Nanking, denounced for " upholding the rotten Kuomintang régime," is believed to have been in gaol for a year past. There seems to be little doubt that the same fate has descended on the rest of these " running dogs of imperialism ", if they did not perish in last year's mass executions.

Long before Wu Yao-tsung and his fellows went to the conference with the Premier in July 1950, missionaries had begun to find that their presence was detrimental to their Chinese converts and were withdrawing from China. This movement has been enormously accelerated in the past 18 moths by actual persecution. Many missionaries have been arrested and subjected to hours of cross-examination not, be it observed, on religious questions, but on charges of acting as spies and agents for the imperialists. At least 16 are believed to be in prison and no communication with them is possible. No more striking proof of the hopelessness of mission work in China could be found than the decision last August of the council of the great China Inland Mission, than which none was more deeply rooted in Chinese soil, to withdraw all its

members. It is curious that although the missionaries are as anxious to go as the Communists presumably are that they should, it may take them six months to obtain an exit permit. Before this is granted every man and woman must produce a minute account of all their doings and whom they have met since they first entered China. It is not difficult to think that the Communists hope in this way to find excuse for charges of imperialism.

Far more brutal, however, has been the treatment of Roman Catholics. One obvious reason is the out-and-out condemnation of Communism by the Pope. But another, peculiar to China, is the maintenance of papal authority over Chinese Catholics, whom accordingly it is not easy to force into a Reformed Church. A few seem to have been influenced. The article by Wu Yao-tsung has an illustration of a Chinese nun at a women's meeting in Peking denouncing American imperialism, and when Archbishop Riberi, the Apostolic Delegate, was expelled last autumn, a person named Li Wei-kwang, described as acting Catholic bishop of Nanking, was one of his chief accusers. But in the list of charges against Mgr. Riberi, which filled four closely-typed folios, one may note the prominence given to the Archbishop's promotion of the Legion of Mary, which, among various rules for daily conduct, stresses devotion to papal authority.

Of all stories to wring the heart and excite passionate anger none surely can surpass that of the five Canadian sisters of the orphanage of the Immaculate Conception at Canton. There were several of these orphanages managed by different Orders in China and no one who knew them would fail to acclaim them as among the noblest works of charity. Hardly a day passed but the Sisters would find a baby on the doorstep, often so near death that there was only just time to baptize it before it died. But many hundreds survived, to be educated, taught a trade, and turned into good citizens. The Sisters at Canton were arrested last April and eventually tried in December in the presence of a vast howling mob on the vilest charges, of starving the children, leaving them sick, naked and uncared for, of collecting money from Canada and putting it in their own pockets. They were said to have caused the death of 2,000 children. Not a word were they allowed to say in self-defence. Two were imprisoned for five years, the others expelled from China.

A parallel case was that of the six Sisters from the Nanking orphanage who arrived at Hongkong on June 6 last after being shut up for a month in one small room with only two beds between the six, stripped of all their possessions, even their religious habits, and perpetually screamed at and bullied by their guards. The charge against them, too, was of neglecting the children in their charge, but as they were not present at their trial (if trial there was) all they

new was the sentence of banishment.

Another case was that of the American Father Langley, stationed in small village in Kuangsi, accused of spying for the imperialists—nd of giving medicine to Nationalist guerrillas when they were sick ! t is noteworthy that when he was paraded and his " crimes " read ut in his own village, not one voice was raised against him. So he as taken to a neighbouring town, hounded through the streets and rced to kneel for over four hours, surrounded by a frenzied ob, while his offences were recounted, not allowed to defend himself, ndeed forced to keep his head bowed so that he could not see his ccusers. He was perhaps lucky to be only banished.

In a statement issued on December 18 the Vatican announced that uring 1951 the Communists had expelled from China 1,200 mission-ries, 18 bishops, 500 priests, 40 lay teachers and 650 nuns. An dditional message from Hongkong said that 300 priests and nuns ere believed to be in gaol.

Some Chinese Christians are known to have bravely stood out gainst the Reformed Church ; others will do so, for the history of issions in China has many instances of the heroism of converts. he vast majority will have to give in ; too poor to support unaided eir hospitals, dispensaries and schools, they will have to look to the overnment for funds, and we know what that means from the ommunists' Five Year Education Plan, in which special night hools are provided for the " reeducation " of adults. Even the urch services are likely to be re-modelled to suit Marxist principles, the drama, novels and cinema are being remodelled ; for Wu ao-tsung says there is still much to be done in " rooting out imperi-istic influence hiding in the heads of Christians in literature, hymns nd even methods of work." Doubtless the Communists will point to e Reformed Church as proof of religious freedom in China. But will be a Red Church.

WHAT ARE UNIVERSITIES FOR ?

Some Comments

In the February 1952 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY J. F. Wolfenden, Vice-Chancello of Reading University, in his article "What are Universities For ?" stated tha "the newer universities must begin to face the wider responsibilities to the natio at large which the older universities used to perform almost by accident. Anothe way of expressing the same point is to say that the range of jobs for which a universit career is regarded as a valuable preliminary must be greatly widened." Earlier in h article he had written : "But unless it can be demonstrated that there are 24,00 young people each year who are destined for an academic future we deceive ourselve and mislead them if we base the whole of our university procedure on the assumptio that the academic is the one and only relevant criterion."

ANY analysis of university discontents must begin by subscribin to the university's *raison d'être* as a centre of higher intellectua study leading, for the undergraduate, to a degree which is an as sessment quite as much of maturity of mind as of information amassed Unto this, ideally, much else is added, especially character-trainin and the corporate virtues ; but of these, unlike its academic preserve the university has no monopoly, and there would be palpable in justice, and doubtful logic, in excluding the more promising academi material to the advantage of the less promising in the hope merel that the latter *might* turn to better account the ancillary opportunitie of undergraduate life. No admissions procedure, moreover, ca possibly select future leaders in agriculture, commerce, industry politics and the rest as such ; and if such are to-day being denie entry to the university on grounds of inadequate preliminary qualif cations a strange conclusion would appear to derive concerning th intellectual demands of leadership in these callings. Universit appointments committees might here tell a different story ; increasin numbers of graduates go into just such careers, and the brake o their further swelling is a matter not of admissions policy but o persuading commerce and industry that the university-trained man to them too an asset. To admit on the off-chance the man fallin short in entrance requirements, again, is automatically to low standards and to that extent to sell the pass, without reasone assurance of compensating gain.

Proposals for thus broadening the intake bear almost invariab on the Faculty of Arts, though it is against the other faculties that th

harge of vocationalism must lie, and lie unanswered—not as unan-verable but as meaningless. No one is going to entrust his health, the issue of a lawsuit, or the building of a bridge, to an indifferently ualified practitioner on the ground that he is more cultured, or a more timable character. Yet the decline in popularity of the teaching rofession in itself goes far to lay the fears that prompt the proposals hile raising a new fear of a very different calibre. For if we break e circle of " producing teachers to produce teachers " and leave our pper forms in schools teacherless, a problem that the nation already s on its doorstep, the universities' future will be grim indeed. may be that the proportion of failures in some universities is high, ough profitable discussion here can only rest on percentage figures. he real problem is other, and must be tackled from another angle : is the ensuring that every undergraduate, whatever his field of study extra-academic interests, is exposed to the full play of broadening, vilizing, character-forming influences that some at present escape together. And any assumption that these influences only exist tside the lecture-room and are no concern of university teacher his teaching would be in itself a grave betrayal of trust.

WILLIAM C. ATKINSON,
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One Cambridge college, at least, is reputed to put the question ther differently from that suggested by the Vice-Chancellor of eading University. It asks which of the applicants for admission em most likely to avail themselves fully of the opportunities fered by residence to fit themselves to shoulder responsibility in the tside world. In this way the older universities continue to produce easonable number of those who are to be the leaders in industry and airs generally.

Few teachers, whatever their university, would admit that their aim s not to turn out such men, but it is surprising how many dons erywhere fail to see the difference between a university and a amming establishment. The trouble is that, whether the teacher is destrian or enthusiastic, he finds it easier to drive the young man rough a syllabus, growing every year heavier, to classification in a gree examination rather than to arrange a course of study which aches the student to think and leaves him time to do so.

Though the difficulties he faces are great, the fault does not all lie th the teacher. As Mr. Wolfenden suggests, many students in the iversities to-day are misplaced, not so much from lack of the

accepted academic qualifications but from inability to use th opportunities offered. The number of leaders or men of originalit the nation can produce or, for that matter, the number who can mak use of the fundamentals, to which such lip service is paid to-day, i relatively small. The rest are capable of playing their part in th honourable and essential task of keeping the machine running For this they may need to learn a complicated craft, but a universit is not the place for that. There are, or should be, other institution which realize that they have just as essential a place in education b making it possible for men to concentrate, in a single-minded wa often denied the university student, on equipping themselves thor oughly for their job in life. This form of education should not b confined, as it is almost entirely to-day, to those destined for tech nical posts in industry. The tendency towards vocational training i the universities, which Mr. Wolfenden deplores is actually less appar ent among engineers and other applied scientists because, knowin that they are to go out into the world, they are anxious to take fro the university all it offers. There is no-one with so narrow an vocational an aim, be he pure scientist or humanist, as the man wh works for high distinction in the degree examination so that a post graduate research grant will be forthcoming. A valuable refor would be to make it obligatory for everyone on graduation to leav the university for at least three years and to balance this by encoura ging men of experience to return for post-graduate courses of in struction or research.

J. F. Baker,

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It is true that in many university departments only a minority o those who apply for entry and are qualified by matriculatio actually obtain admission. But there is good reason for believin that this apparently high percentage of frustrated candidates is due t their general habit of applying to several universities at the same tim in the hope that if they fail with one they may succeed in enterin another. Sample investigations of certain classes of students—fo example medical and mathematical—point to the conclusion that i fact most of those suited for entry to the profession concerned d succeed in finding a place in some university. It is obvious that most would-be medical students apply for entry to half-a-doze schools, the real desire for admission is only one sixth of the appare

mand. There is, of course, a certain measure of real frustration; e number of girls who desire to become doctors always exceeds e limited number of places open to them, but there is a valid social stification for refusing them. Those university students who fail to ay the course and obtain a degree, do, as Mr. Wolfenden says, present an apparent waste of public money ; the numbers are not, wever, large, nor is the money wasted, for he points out that a gree is only one, and not perhaps the greatest, benefit obtained from iversity education. In Birmingham the proportion of these ilures is eight to nine per cent. In the United States about 50 per nt. of those entering colleges that confer a degree fail in their aminations at the end of the first year and depart never to return. t this is not regarded as wasteful ; even one year at college is held confer a civic sense, a community spirit, a regard for culture, that akes the financial sacrifice worth while. Even those who complete degree course outnumber British graduates by 20 to one. They t only supply the professions but become leaders in most of the pects of national life listed by Mr. Wolfenden, business and agri-lture, politics and production, government and civil service. ey are perhaps largely responsible for the high level of American oductivity.

We are perhaps unlikely to extend our higher education so far, even we could afford it. But British universities with their ever-increasing phasis on science—pure, applied and social—might well ask emselves whether they are training undergraduates for life as well leadership. Science tends to produce a sense of values which nits the full life for which universities should prepare their sons. sees the world in terms of black and white, orthodox and heretical ; is material and not moral, and it has no concern with the craving for auty which is one of the most deeply-rooted desires of human ture. Its increasing application to every aspect of life adds daily our material comfort and prosperity. But it is also apt to engender at hard intolerance for anything different from accepted dogma ich is a malaise of modern life.

HUMPHREY HUMPHREYS,
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Mr. Wolfenden makes an interesting proposal and raises some very portant questions. He starts from the difficulty of making the

best selection from the applicants for admission to the universit and though holding that there are fewer candidates suitable f university education, at least under our present system, than there a places available, he thinks that some people fail to secure a place wh are as good as or better than those who are admitted. His conclusio is that we should not base the whole of our university procedure o the assumption that the academic is " the one and only releva criterion " and that we should aim at admitting those young peop who are going to be the leaders in agriculture, commerce, the pres industry, radio, politics and local government.

I think that everyone will agree with this. Our selection of cand dates is not infallible, and one weakness in it is that, in selectin no weight is commonly given to qualities of personality and character yet it is from those who possess these that the leaders of whor Mr. Wolfenden speaks are likely to be drawn. Such qualities a as important, both in the university and in life, as the mere capacity pass an examination. This weakness can be met by the methods selection described in the *Educational Supplement of The Times* f February 1. In Cornwall the selectors draw a line in their list applicants " rather below those who are likely to get good secon class honours degrees. Those well above the line are given awards those well below it are ruled out. More awards are then given to t middle group after school records and other reports have bee considered. *At this stage other qualities are counted beside academ attainment.*" No system is mistake-proof. But I believe that the are the right lines on which to select, and that the words italicize describe a very wise procedure. Such methods would do a great de to cure the defects of which Mr. Wolfenden complains.

On the other hand it would be very dangerous to ignore t academic criterion in selecting. Already a number of universi students fail to pass their final examination. If we reduce the prese modest intellectual requirements, either they will increase or we sha be obliged to lower our standards. Further, there is a risk that w shall admit students incapable of the normal university curriculu and that, in order to meet their needs, we shall be obliged to intr duce studies with which they can cope. That has happened in Ameri and has resulted in the far-flung and sometimes very odd curriculu usual in American universities. There is a case for that type of ur versity, but to initiate it here would be a revolution and, incidentall a very expensive one.

Yet a problem, implicit in Mr. Wolfenden's article, remain Education ends with school for far too large a proportion of t nation. I do not think that this problem can or should be solved bringing large numbers to the university. Not only would th

ange fundamentally alter the character of our universities, but perience has abundantly shown that education is much more ofitable when those who receive it have seen something of life. his points to an extension of adult education for those who do not tend the university. And it should be education in a residential rm. This can be provided through residential colleges for adult ucation such as already exist. But I believe that in the future e universities themselves will extend their extra-mural activities, d provide such education and such colleges, separate from, yet rtly in connection with, their existing work. Some universities, tably Manchester and Nottingham, have already made a beginning these lines.

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In what way is a university essentially different from an institution advanced instruction and research ? It is only worth calling a iversity if it succeeds in giving its members much more than owledge as the term is normally used. We are apt to regard facts d information as knowledge proper—we hardly even count an imate, active understanding of values and manners and standards knowledge at all, and still less a developed sensitivity to music or arts. A university, I suggest, has failed to give a distinctively iversity education to a man unless he emerges from it changed per- nally as well as trained mentally.

But it will succeed in giving him this personal and intimate edu- ion only as it has made him during his undergraduate years really ong to it as a community, coming to feel his own responsibility preserving its values. If a university remembers only its function adding to knowledge and research in the narrow sense, it will not truly a university, however many new facts or truths it may unearth unroll. Its function includes the job of adding to civilization by ilizing the individuals who make it up.

How can we bring about a state of affairs in which the modern iversity can educate its students more intensely ? People—whether y be dons or schoolmasters or parents—willingly giving themselves others are the most potent source of education, for the organic ne can give birth to the organic. The specialist honours ool has often been a place of real "meeting" between fessors and students, so that powerful currents of civilizing uence have flowed. Much more of such meeting is needed. ce the war some universities have made a determined attempt

to bring the general or pass student more closely into touch with h tutors and dons. The process must go a good deal further.

Secondly, the university must give its members a greater sens of belonging to a living whole— whether their own particular subje be philosophy or engineering, economics or physiology or dair farming. Within the last few years there have been some encouragin movements to help in this—large residential conferences of freshme held during the two or three days before their first term starts, t introduce them to the idea of the university ; lectures provided i recognized lecture hours every fortnight or so on a wide diversi of cultural subjects, with no rival lectures, labs. or classes goir on at the same time, and attended by a vast congregation of studen of all faculties ; the provision of gymnasia, of university healt services and of opportunities for corporate worship, all on a no departmental and non-faculty basis. But we have not gone very f yet ; many subjects are still taught in a bare and desolate isolatio from others, even though the others may be taught, geographical speaking, quite near by.

If the modern universities develop more strongly as civilizi communities as well as learned societies, their power to influen the nation will grow rapidly. What better statement of the possibilities could we have than Ortega's ?

> In the thick of life's urgencies and its passions, the university must assert itself a major spiritual power, standing for serenity in the midst of frenzy, for seriousn and the grasp of intellect in the face of frivolity and unashamed stupidity.

W. R. NIBLETT,

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> When a student is admitted to a university, he becomes a member of a commun which exists essentially to serve the development of culture and the advance knowledge. His education comes from being immersed in the atmosphere intellectual activity and in being associated for a period with older and m experienced students for whom the cultivation of the things of the mind is a p manent and professional task.

Such is a recent expression of the idea of a university. M Wolfenden presents a very different picture of the aims of entrants universities at the present time. Contrasting the young men w in earlier days went to the university" to have a good time " w those who go to-day " to collect a piece of paper that will get then job ", he rightly suggests that there should be a middle way betwe

hese two extremes.

In Cambridge it is the college system which still makes it possible o pursue such a middle way, although the difficulties are now greater. Forty years ago the tutor of a college deliberately accepted a number f candidates for pass degrees. They might, or might not, qualify or such degrees, but they were welcome candidates by virtue of their *avoir faire*, of their athletic ability and of what are now called their ualities of leadership. To-day such candidates must offer more than ood manners or athletic distinction. They must be fit to be entered or an honours course and they must pass the appropriate examinaons at certain fixed times. The " have-a-good-timer " and the Rugger blue, pure and simple, are, as Mr. Wolfenden says, obsolete henomena. But even with the higher intellectual standard demanded f such candidates, a tutor is still free, in his selection of entrants, o take into account their potential value to the college as a ociety.

For a college is not merely an assembly of teachers and pupils. It ontains many diverse elements, but it is a social organism—a nicrocosm which, without set forms, provides an opportunity for raining in good judgment, in tolerance, in human management and n other qualities of fundamental importance in later life, whether hey be exercised in administration, in a profession, or in business. The nodern universities are rightly stressing the importance of their halls f residence and in this development lies the best hope of establishing hose additional criteria which Mr. Wolfenden seeks.

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Mr. Wolfenden acknowledges that the present university system in Great Britain—though in itself not essentially bad—contains many vils, and sees the root of some of these evils in the preoccupation f both students and teachers with " getting a degree ". The aim of niversities, in practice, seems to be not the imparting of knowledge s such, or inculcating a general culture, but the forcing of young ninds into an examination system.

If the facts are such, is there not at least a partial solution in a horough reformation of the examination system—or even in the uppression of it—and the establishment of a different method of election altogether ? How can you prevent young people, or their riends, or their teachers from thinking constantly of that degree, n which a whole lifetime depends ?

Speaking perhaps only for French, and even then only for French

in London, I am not prepared to say that the best students do not, o
the whole, come out at the top of the list. They more or less do, bu
the bad examination system has weighed for three or four years on a
their work and they are therefore not half so well prepared as the
should be for service to the community that has paid for their studie
Nor is their general culture as broad and as sound as it should b
Practically all of them are preparing to be teachers. As teachers the
do not possess the knowledge they should have. As cultured huma
beings they have been given very little chance—and a teacher who
not a cultured human being is dangerous. That on the whole teache
produced under this system are as good as they are is a credit to th
nearly infinite good will of youth. Knowledge of French throughou
the country (I do not say specially in the best schools) is muc
higher than it was 30 years ago, but that is due to the good will an
work of the teachers when once appointed much more than to th
universities.

In my opinion, the university system of final examinations
obsolete. It grew out of practices established for a small body
students ; it cannot work properly for the great numbers we a
dealing with now. It should be suppressed altogether and replace
by a system of selection based on totally different principles. Th
final selection of the best students should be made according to the
work during the three or four years' course, not according to th
artificial, unnatural test at the end. Thus the results would come o
of the work done and the work would not be influenced by pr
occupation with the final examinations.

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THE HISTORICAL TASK OF KARL JASPERS

By J. B. Coates

IN his work as a philosopher Karl Jaspers has felt called to perform a particular historical task. He believed that Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, the two philosophers who most determined the irection of his thought but not its detailed elaboration, in effect hattered the edifice of traditional philosophy and made it necessary o make a new start. The two great tendencies in philosophy before Kierkegaard and Nietzsche were idealism, which reached its final evelopment and virtual suicide in the Hegelian system, and naturalsm or scientism. Hegel built up, by the use of his dialectic, a totaliarian intellectual structure claiming to enclose every aspect of xistence and to reconcile every contradiction. The system was *tour de force*, but it was recognized by Kirkegaard, whose criticism ave it a death-blow, as in effect fatal to freedom and to the place f human personality as a centre of genuine decision. If truth was formal system which could be handed to us on a plate by the hilosopher, what was there left for the individual to do but to accept and go to sleep ?

Since Kierkegaard it has become impossible for any philosopher to eek to imprison the world of concrete existences in a conceptual ystem. The second tendency of philosophy was that expressed hrough empiricism and science, the disposition to view the universe bjectively and analytically, to see it as a collection of inter-related cts to be discovered by the scientific method. Freedom seemed to ierkegaard to be as effectively destroyed by the scientific pproach as by the Hegelian dialectic. The person to whom the orld was merely a collection of facts had nothing to do but to know e facts, while he himself was nothing but a collection of interlated facts ; Kierkegaard failed to see how the experience of personlity could be fitted into such a picture. But what concerned him as the effect of such a view on the scientist himself and those who me under his influence. What Kierkegaard called " existence " as the unique personality which a man made for himself by free, sponsible decisions. He remarked that the person absorbed in e acquirement and discovery of scientific knowledge forgot what it eant to " exist ". A preoccupation with fact turned man away om that life of inwardness through which, by coming into full

consciousness of his " anguish ", he discovered his freedom and bu the structure of an " authentic " personality through his choic Since Kierkegaard no one who has grasped the significance of work has been able to regard science as doing more than to show one aspect of the real ; the understanding of life and personal which is gained through engagement and relationship, the und standing of the poet, artist and seer, is an understanding that inaccessible to the scientific method, yet it is this understanding th is the source of our knowledge of value.

Karl Jaspers believes that the work of Kierkegaard and Nietzsc in destroying idealism, in discrediting scientism, in overthrowing t idea of moral truth as existing objectively, as in some system, to accepted on the strength of some intellectual or spiritual authorit was salutary. The task of destruction had to take place ; the expe ence of nihilism had to be lived through. Kierkegaard a Nietzsche are still essential for our basic attitude ; even now the goal, of making us truly awake, of arousing us from our dogmat slumbers, is not achieved. But he adds that they are the exception we cannot take them as exemplars ; they do not really show us th way forward. Nietzsche never found a true escape from the nihilis which the critical aspect of his work engendered. Kierkegaa found an escape for himself, but it was one in which we cann follow him. The form of his acceptance of Christianity, with faith through the absurd, its virtual abandonment of the freedo which it is his chief claim to greatness to have affirmed, its rejectio of humanism, is a form which is repellent to any reasonable ma Kierkegaard took the leap of faith " from speculation into Christ anity " while vigorously maintaining that both the historical and th speculative proofs of the faith were completely unconvincing. It difficult not to recognize Kierkegaard as the believer who force himself to believe, driven by his neurosis and his dead father, s that his very affirmation of Christianity tends to destroy Christianit However, Karl Jaspers holds that Kierkegaard and Nietzsch blazed the trail for us. Philosophical truth in future has to be existe tial ; it cannot be merely objective ; it has to be related to the fr life of the person fulfilling his historical destiny in particular situation making and re-making himself by his choices in a world of person and social relationships, confronted always with the responsibili for decision so that it rests with him whether he gains his soul or los it. But though Kierkegaard and Nietzsche posed the proble they did not teach the rest of us who are not " exceptions " how to liv This then is the question which Karl Jaspers has attempted to answe to discover how we who are not exceptions, but who have passe through the experience of nihilism, can learn how to live.

His philosophical scheme seeks first to display human experienc

its full concreteness and amplitude, in the abundant variety of modes and aspects. He rejects any monistic interpretation, y attempt to sum up man's life in terms of this or that mode of ing, whether that of spirit or matter, of subjective experience as tuitively known or objective knowledge as scientifically discovered. e holds that because of the inescapable limitations of our perspectives ere are, inevitably, elements of paradox in any interpretation that kes into account the full concreteness of the real. Being, amid its perabundance and often contradictory manifestations, confronts in three primary modes, which he describes as Being-There, ing-Oneself, and Being-Itself. Being-There is the world of fact, the orld of reliable knowledge, which is the concern of science. He finds the true scientist a genuinely metaphysical impulse, a disinterested de- e to discover the real, and a profound moral integrity, a respect for ct, a willingness to abandon every prejudice and prepossession in the ce of fact. The fact, he says, is a solid presence ; it is so, and we n do nothing about it but to discover it and confront it. Never- eless the scientist can only discover one aspect of the real, the world its objectivity. It is the error of the positivist to confuse the world fact with the whole of reality. The very virtues which constitute e true nobility of the scientist, his devotion to truth, his defiance— the death if necessary—of those who would thwart his passion for e real, would be inexplicable if the scientist himself consisted merely fact to be objectively studied, if he were not more than fact, he were not a manifestation of liberty.

The second mode of Being, then, the mode of Being-Oneself, is e mode of liberty, the mode of the self-determinations of individual rsonalities. Karl Jaspers, like Kierkegaard, calls this the mode of existence ". A person " exists " in so far as he makes himself d so becomes " authentic ". Man's " anguish " lies in the fact at he is under constant pressure to be " inauthentic ", the pressure material necessity, social conformity, instinctual craving ; these l the while seek to make him into something which he feels to be not mself, to embody nothing of his own choice. At the same time he compelled to be free ; he cannot escape from making choices, and can " choose himself ", that is, refuse mere compliance, and uild for himself a personality which expresses his own valuations ; n the other hand he can choose conformity, he can make, to use an-Paul Sartre's phrase, the choice of a " *salaud* ". The world of lue, the world of the determinations of personalities, is not the world ith which science deals, though that is not to say that a valuation, hen it has once been made, does not become a fact subject to scien- fic investigation like any other fact. Nevertheless ethical and sthetic valuations are not the work of science but are the creation f personalities as they make and re-make themselves. Ethical

valuations, once made, may be embodied in codes, and as suc they may help to create what is merely determined and inauthenti in man. At the same time codes embody elements of traditiona wisdom. The authentic person will neither comply with them no merely reject them ; he will establish a living relationship with them

The third mode of Being Karl Jaspers calls Being-Itself, o Transcendence, or the Comprehensive. It is clear that because of th limitations of our faculties we can never know the whole o reality, we can never know the Comprehensive. But, in his view every truly philosophical mind is turned towards it, seeks constantl the fullest possible knowledge of the ultimately real. A being must be objectified for us in the form of phenomena ; it is fo us as we know it, and not as it is in itself. But a true philosophica faith holds that we can constantly seek and find a greater awarenes of the Comprehensive, of Being, though necessarily mediated throug the forms of historical and personal existence and phenomenal form Religious faith depends upon holding that man can achieve a direc relationship with the Comprehensive, or Transcendence, or God Karl Jaspers holds that the moments at which God's voice is audible t us are the truly exalted moments of our experience, so that it is b such moments and for such moments alone that we live. The cert tude we feel when we believe God speaks to us is, he adds, only subjective certitude. The knowledge thus gained does not belon to the world of objective knowledge with which science deals, an there is always the possibility that we are in error or that we misi terpret the divine word. Nevertheless, he says, man's personal relation with the transcendent is the basis of all living religio

Karl Jaspers remarks that there has developed, on the frontiers o philosophy and especially in connection with science and the pos tivistic mentality, a mode of living and thinking in which the source of faith—as in personal values and man's relation with transcendenc —are abandoned. He calls this form of thought "scientism or "anti-philosophy", because, where it occurs, philosophy is attacke and replaced by science. He regards it as important that philoso phical faith thought and philosophy should defend themselves again "anti-philosophy"—any attitude which asserts absolute immanen and denies transcendence, which regards empirical existence as th only reality. Although empirical existence is only ephemer presence, anti-philosophy seeks to grasp it by affirming becomi and appearance as such, thus absolutizing transient realities. An philosophy, says Karl Jaspers, results in demonology, the deificatio of man, and nihilism. The man who lacks a religious or philosop ical faith in transcendence, who fails to realize his dependence o what is given to him from a transcendent source, tends to asse himself and his own will absolutely and so becomes demonic. Mode

emonism is protean in its forms and is constantly taking on new sguises and worshipping new idols. " Without God ", he remarks, only idols remain." The deification of man, when it does not take ie form of the conscious or unconscious worship by man of himself, ay take the form of a blind veneration of " great men ", frequently charlatans, but it may also take the form of a humanism not lacking nobility. But even if it assumes a sublime form, philosophical ith, says Karl Jaspers, which must never forget the finite character man and must always stand before God and await his word, must ject it. The deification of man dishonours man by making things sy for him, by giving him the tangible instead of the ciphers and eroglyphics in which God's word is uttered.

As we have seen, the Jaspers analysis of the contemporary situation is its starting-point in the belief that Kierkegaard and Nietzsche ive laid the foundation for a radical human transformation ; to-day an, down to the very last individual, is being subjected to a revo- tionary change in his objective living conditions, and the trans- rmation of his forms of religious belief has to be no less far-reaching. ertain modern religious schools have reacted to nihilism and ositivism by a demand for a return to an unlimited orthodoxy, in ite of their total inability to restore by such methods what religion sed to be, a force pervading the whole of life. . No such return to the ast is, in Karl Jaspers' view, either possible or desirable, though that not to say that a valid adjustment must not include an assimilation what is still living in our tradition. In particular it must assimilate ie element of eternal truth in Biblical religion, which is a realization of ie value of man's relation with a " living God ". " Because they and before God ," he says, " the men of the Bible, even while they now themselves to be nothing, grow to superhuman stature. These en of God and prophets without weapons are spiritual heroes, ho maintain themselves against the world around them because ey feel themselves to be servants of God." But this old truth must e expressed in a new language and given a richer meaning. Also e Biblical insight has to receive the guidance of philosophical lf-consciousness and critical thought which in the Bible is lacking. In particular Biblical religion has to be rescued from certain xations which have been effected within it, which are contrary its own profounder spirit as well as to modern philosophical nderstanding. Among these are the religion of the law, as it has en stabilized in Judaism, the acceptance of the rule of a hierarchical riesthood, as we find it in Catholicism, and also the religion of hrist, in so far as it sees God in Christ or seeks salvation through hrist on the basis of a traditional conception of the efficiency of the crifice. It is true, no doubt, that God speaks through Jesus, but e speaks through many men, in the Bible in particular through the

successive prophets. No man can be God ; God speaks exclusively through no man, not even Christ. There was never a time in history when men could not and did not turn towards God and find meaning in life through dialogue with God. There is no absolute middle point, the year nought of man's redemption, but history is an unbroken flow of tones from life's original source to its consummation.

Karl Jaspers recognizes the value of a church as the vehicle of a living tradition, as a form of order and an instrument of education. But the rigidity of religious institutions and their claim to exclusivity and finality in the possession of truth must be overcome. What are his conclusions on this most crucial of all issues, the problem of the transformation of men's beliefs ? He remarks that we have first to abandon our fatal complacency ; it is a terrifying fact, he remarks, that despite all the upheaval and devastation of our time, we are still in danger of living and thinking as though nothing really important had happened. We must abandon the temptation to restore the past or seek security in hallowed formulae. We have to keep ourselves constantly alert and capable of adjustment, able to find and prove ourselves in solitude, able to hear the voice of transcendence, and above all, capable of communication. The true spirit of reason in our times in his view, shows itself in a boundless desire for communication. He stresses, indeed, the importance of science, urging that it is hardly possible to exaggerate the significance of that really unlimited inquiry, accompanied by boundless self-criticism, which is the essence of science. Whatever is manifested in the world science can take as its object, our consciousness of every reality thus becoming sharpened and clarified. Philosophy to-day must take as its basis all the verified knowledge that science provides. But at the same time all superstitious belief in science must be exposed ; it is folly to believe that the world can be put in order by scientific thinking and scientific planning, while science must not be expected to provide life aims which spring from the personal mode of being. But most fundamental of all the issues of our time is that of creating unreserved communication among men. Until the modern era there was sufficient cohesion in Christian communities for communication not to constitute a problem of the first order. But this spiritual community has largely disappeared. It can only be restored through the widespread establishment of genuine communicaton. Communication, Karl Jaspers remarks, depends upon (1) becoming deeply concerned with the historically different without being untrue to one's own historicity ; (2) realizing the relativity of scientific truth, while recognizing its just claims ; (3) abandoning all claims to exclusivity in the possession of truth because of the breach of communication it implies, and (4) taking up the battle with the historically different but transforming it into a " loving battle ", a search for the truth that

nerges *between* groups and men, when they have a genuine desire to ct in common, to build the true life of community.

True philosophical faith, he concludes, is inseparable from complete penness to communication. " Authentic truth arises only where iths meet in the presence of the Comprehensive." And genuine mmunication is only possible among people who know how to sten for and hear the voice of the transcendent.

If truth is the fruit of communication, untruth grows out of the xation of faiths that merely repel each other. It is impossible to talk ith fanatics. What the existentialist philosopher calls " existence " r " authentic personality " depends upon a capacity to create and -create oneself, and the man incapable of openness, of meeting the hallenge of the historically different, is incapable of " authenticity ". arl Jaspers' remedy, then, for the nihilism created in part by e teaching of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, turns very largely on his ith in communication. It is a doctrine similar to that of Martin uber's " I and Thou". It is commonly said that it is Utopian to gard men as capable of communication to any considerable extent, at men are always attached and committed to their beliefs and repossessions, and moved mainly by their passions, their will to ower and the defence of their practical interests. It is undoubtedly ue that the policies almost universally adopted to-day assume that general man cannot achieve communication and so must be sciplined in accordance with some particular set of beliefs, laws and nventions. Karl Jaspers criticizes this attitude by asserting that ose who make such judgments about men assert more than they know, at man's nature is always in question, is always something to be ade. There is a strong will to communication at the heart of man's eing ; the idea of communication is not Utopia, but faith. He asks at every man should face the question whether or not he believes the potentiality in men really to live together, really to meet and eak together from truth and sincerity, and really through such getherness to move towards a truth which is an authentic expression f man's common life. The deepest belief of Karl Jaspers is that in ur present distress communication is the fundamental task before s. " The elucidation of communication from its multiple sources the modes of the comprehensive is becoming a central theme of hilosophical endeavour ; to carry communication in all its possi-ilities closer to realization is the daily labour of philosophy."

(*Mr. Coates is the author of* The Crisis of the Human Person.)

SETTLING IN NEW ZEALAND A CENTURY AGO

From C. M. Igglesden's letters

BEFORE the writer of these extracts emigrated to New Zealand in 1856-1857 was an assistant in the office of a Worcester architect to whom the recipi of the letters, W. Watkins, was at that time articled. On the death of the lat in 1926 at the age of 92 the letters passed to his son, Mr. W. G. Watkins of 4 Nettleh Road, Lincoln, England, who would be interested to hear from any descendants relatives in New Zealand of his father's friend, C. M. Igglesden, and would gla hand over the letters if so desired. Mr. Igglesden was unmarried when he emigra and may have remained so, but he had an uncle in Wellington whom he describes " one of the oldest and most respected settlers " but whose name he does not menti

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After a voyage of 81 *days, during which C. M. Igglesden also ke a log, he concluded a diary-letter to W. Watkins thus :*

Sunday, February 10, 1856. Much noise this morning came fr those on deck and at 4 o'clock a whale was seen. I went up so after 6 and was surprised by the extensive panorama stretched bef me; we were about five miles from land which consisted of a series high hills rising one behind the other and covered as far as the e could reach with a thicket of gum trees ; along the base stretche sandy shore varied occasionally by broken ground of a red san nature. The whole presented the appearance of an impenetra wilderness fit only for the refuge of Kangaroos and Opossu What struck me as singular was the serrated outline of the woo scenery jagged as a fir plantation or as the surface of white cor We sailed along the whole morning on a calm sea with a light bre astern propelling us at the rate of 4 miles an hour the land gradua decreasing in altitude as the Port Philip heads, assuming at first appearance of needles, became visible, and the faint blue line of more distant coast could be traced above the horizon on both boar It was warm like a July morning in England. Baracoutas, f similar to the mackerel but longer and larger, were caught in s numbers from the stern as to supply every one on board with a ta and supersede for the time salt junk. At noon we gained on seve square-rigged vessels.

At dinner the shout was heard "the pilot boat is coming " and I r up on deck and saw a smart little cutter astern. The pilot wa crippled weather-beaten veteran in naval coat and broad brim

panama hat with a face underneath it as full of crevices as the neighbouring coast ; he was furthermore groggy and half seas over. Pointing himself in one of the life-boats over the side of the poop, a series of manoeuvres were executed above the comprehension of a landsman but which ended in our crossing successfully a bar over which the surf was breaking and we shortly anchored off Port Philip heads for about 20 minutes during which the customs and health officers paid their visits and the mails for Geelong were handed overboard. The anchor was then speedily drawn up, the vessel which had dressed bows out with the tide was turned about and we made a splendid entrance into the most magnificent bay I have ever seen. The water was almost as calm as a mill-pond, the vessel as steady as a rock, and I missed its accustomed motion. We were making about 4 knots an hour with a light breeze astern and had royals set and yards squared ; the sky was almost cloudless and the sun intensely hot, the haze caused objects to be rather indistinct, but yet a vast panorama was stretched before our eyes and the remainder of one of the longest days in my life was spent in feasting my eyes on the various objects of interest which we passed (a pleasure which there only can appreciate who have beheld naught for 80 days but the face of the desolate and boundless ocean). At sunset mountain land dimly rose on all sides, we were in Hobson's bay. Bony hills and Ballarat were pointed out to me. At half past 8 we fired off two cannons to acquaint the good people of Melbourne with our arrival.

Later. The next day I hooked it on shore as soon as I could with two others to see the place, rode up on a jolting rail-road half a mile long from Sandridge to Melbourne (charge 1s) raced over the place to see as much as we could in the least possible time and rode up to St. Kilda's for a bathe. This excursion detained me for a week on board the *Mermaid* as in our absence a steamer had come alongside and had taken away the passengers for V.D. Land, but as I lived like a fighting cock in the interim, meat being brought along-side every day, I did not so much care. Melbourne looks like what it is, a town built in a hurry, houses of all sizes and of wood, brick or iron alongside of each other. The Scotch church is of galvanized iron and the pinnacles look as if cut out of cardboard ; it is in the Brummagem-Gothic style. The streets are broad and well laid out, gas is laid down, but in a town numbering from 200 to 300 thousand inhabitants and increasing rapidly there is scarcely a building worth looking at except from its eccentricity of design. The price of everything is extravagantly high, scarcely any copper money seen and the tradesmen obliged to circulate copper tokens. The charge for a glass of English ale 6d., for a cut of bread and cheese 6d., and so on, wages good and employment easily found. Melbourne is a very good place for a pushing money-making man ;

mere dock labourers get 7s. 6d. a day and I should have liked to have given the place a trial had I not been obliged to proceed to New Zealand. The climate is warm and they are subject to hot winds, flies swarm in the streets and even men wear veils as a protection from dust and mosquitoes. Men from all countries push about in Gt. Collins Street as busy as cockneys in Cheapside and great numbers proceed to the diggings which are now growing into townships more extensive and more peopled than Melbourne. Lola Montes is, as you have doubtless read, carrying on her foolery at the diggings but the people are now getting sick of her.

Later.

I will now wind up by giving you a few notes on Van Dieman's Land or Tasmania. This is like the Continent of Australia, a mountainous country covered with dense forests of gum trees of various sorts and sizes but all without exception evergreens, possessing aromatic and medicinal properties, shedding their bark instead of their leaves and with wood of an extremely hard nature but often easily split into planks or palings of any required length or thickness and not needing the subsequent use of the plane. There are however to the westward of the islands (but little known on account of its bleak climate) vast plains similar to the prairies of America and where the Kangaroos and Opossums scarce in other parts are still to be found in large numbers. The aborigines, a debased and almost helpless race have gradually been inhumanly massacred by shepherds and bushrangers and now but 20 of them remain who are employed by Government at Little Oyster Cove, not far from here. Their chief wrote up the other day for a grant of 10 acres ; this was of course given him. There is no doubt that this country holds out great inducement to the working farmer specially if he has little capital to start with. Although generally the country is rocky and sandy and therefore better adapted for sheep runs which sometimes extend over many thousands of acres, there is yet in the valley, where vegetable soil has accumulated for ages, wonderfully rich soil. I have myself seen, when among the settlers in the bush, stringy bark and gum trees two or three hundred feet high shooting up as straight and as smooth as the mast of a ship and only bearing leaves at the top. Some of the trunks are six and seven feet in diameter ; these trees are of course of great antiquity ; on Mount Wellington there is one 800 years old, but this is sufficient to show the fertility of the soil. The price of land in the bush is now £1 (in New Zealand I believe it is still 5s.) per acre, in proposed townships £2, and in towns from £25 per quarter-acre allotments. The settlers clear the land both by the axe and by the fire and a general complaint made here against tenants is that they take cleared farms on lease, exhaust the soil without manuring it and then hook it

somewhere else.

Cleared land requires no manure for the first two or three years, a cousin of mine from a poor stock has grown potatoes weighing 5lbs. the root ; land is also estimated to produce 25 tons of carrots to the acre and if good 30 tons and the price of carrots is now £9 per ton. The great scourge of this place are the poisonous reptiles, such as tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions but above all snakes, of which there are a great variety. They seldom attack man but their bite is mortal, and unless the part bitten is instantly cut out and the blood sucked a man would die in twenty minutes. A man who was formerly a crown prisoner here (i.e. transported) when out in the bush saw a fight between a bandicoot and a snake, the former (a sort of wild rat) ate a herb which cured it of the bites, so that the man was at once in possession of the secret of which he is the sole possessor. He himself makes the antidote and exhibits the effects on himself going about with the most dangerous snakes in his hat and letting them bite him, but as yet no one has been sufficiently philanthropic to offer him a reward for his discovery.

There is no work for an architect here unless he combines building with architecture. Land surveyors on the contrary have made fortunes both here and in Melbourne. Surveying is however rather different to what it is in England—you go out perhaps for six months ; take your three chain men whose wages are £30 a year and their grub, your tent and your bullocks for food which you drive before you and cut your way through the bush, succeeding in very thick parts in measuring three chains in a straight line per day. Gold has been found here but not in very large quantities. I have however no doubt but what it will eventually be discovered in workable fields. The discovery of the diggings in Australia worked a great change here ; at that time mutton and bread were 1d. a pound and living exceedingly cheap, but as Melbourne is now a market for everything, living is about twice as expensive as in England but then it is easier got and wages are good. Society is not as good and more limited than in England, and many of the snobs have been sent out here at the expense of the Queen, in fact transports are generally better off than free people as the first who were out here had grants of land, a practice now discontinued. Hobarton is well situated, a splendid harbour in front, and Mount Wellington nearly 5,000 feet high in the rear, but at present it holds out no inducements for me to stay and as my uncle at Wellington in New Zealand is a tolerably rich and influential man I am rather sanguine in the hope that he will put me in a berth a little better than that of an architectural draughtsman at 30s. per week and unlimited bullying.

* * * * *

Wellington, May 11, 1857

Dear Watkins,

The task you have set before me of "favouring you with an explicit and lengthened account of my adopted country not only in a professional point of view, but also the prospect it holds for the Farmer and Grazier, and the tradesman in general" has rather taken me aback. It would be difficult and perhaps unwise for me with my limited amount of colonial experience to give you any positive advice recommending you by all means to come here, for although I believe that you would find here a remunerative field for your exertions, yet as I know not what advantages you might lose or prospects relinquish by leaving your country I should in the event of your failure (though I consider that would be improbable) deem myself partly answerable for the fruit of my advice—I will therefore confine myself to stating what I know cannot be controverted.

To be egotistical, but because I know my welfare will interest you, I will begin with myself. Although I regret the absence of those social advantages which belong to the nucleus of civilization and feel especially the separation from my relations and friends—yet my position here is in many respects more comfortable and less straitened than when I was in the old country and my prospects of future competence nearer and brighter. There is however this to be said that I enjoy the friendship, advice and aid of my uncle, one of the oldest and most respected of settlers and although my coming out here was quite a speculation on my part, occasioned partly by the poor prospects in England for those of our profession, and although I arrived in Wellington £7 in debt and with but 3s. 6d. in my pocket and shall make this year £180 if not more—yet I should not have undertaken the journey had I not been sure of receiving such a welcome as I have experienced. This is not however at present a country for those of the architectural profession ; all the edifices are of wood, on account of the earthquakes, and not very durable—neither is there much of a field for engineers as the province is still very poor, but few bridges and those of a very simple description are required and the obstacles to railways and canals are great, both natural and inpecuniary (if I may be allowed to coin a word). Lawyers and doctors thrive of course as they will everywhere, and attention beginning to be drawn to the vast mineral resources of this country it is probable that practical geologists may find it worth their while to explore our rocks and mountain ranges and indicate with certainty the existence and presence of valuable mineral lodes. I think that after a little delay a good land surveyor and draughtsman might obtain constant employment but, although I am not acquainted with any vacancy at present existing in the Government staff, I dare say an

opening would be made for a person of ability if even he commenced (like myself) with 6s. a day. At all events I should recommend you should you intend emigrating to perfect yourself in the knowledge of land surveying not so much on a small scale and by the chain only as by the theodolite and circumferenter, to read yourself up in the calculation of the sides of triangles by the application of logariths (Hutton's or Chambers' are the best) and especially to make yourself acquainted with the use of the instruments I have named and the spirit-level. Also, if you come out, neglect nothing appertaining to your own art, make a good collection of designs, specifications and working drawings, especially those pertaining to carpentry and joinery ; bring all your professional books and a good stock of instruments, colours etc., for the latter are very rare and expensive here. When once known you might find it to your interest after having acquired some experience of the country to start as a private surveyor and you might even, as the colony is advancing, get some little practice as an architect.

I had no intention of sticking to my profession when I left England and always neglected the opportunity of doing what I so much recommend to yourself, namely, the forming of a collection of good practical drawings and specifications. I had on the contrary some prospect of learning stock-keeping and was even offered by my uncle 40 head of cattle to commence operations with a chance I sometimes half regret having declined, but as my own feelings of pride made it unpleasant to myself to sponge on him and as at the same time an opportunity existed of getting on the survey-staff as draughtsman, through his interest, I embraced the latter alternative and was at once independent. The salary I now get, £150, though small is more than sufficient for my expenditure, as my uncle allows me the use of an old house in town, thus saving house rent and, although clothing is very dear, edibles are in the town perhaps cheaper than in England. In addition I shall probably make this year over £30 by little architectural jobs, which have not been sought but have been thrust upon me, with the exception perhaps of the additional premium of £15 awarded to my design for the new House of Parliament. They are now putting up a design plagiarized from one of my own and you will probably see something about it in the *Builder*.

Still for all this I should not recommend you to come out on professional grounds alone for, could you not get a Government situation, £30 or £50 made by architecture among this wooden box building community would not suffice to keep you and you would thrive better as a draughtsman upon £80 or £90 in England, a situation you would be sure to procure and hold. This is the country *par excellence* for poor labouring farming men and for artisans, especially carpenters. Yet the Province of Wellington would prob-

ably have been deluged with men of this description who are bein imported with their wives and families to the tune of two or thr thousand, by the provincial Government, were it not that the happ discovery of a large gold field at Nelson has prompted many of the to cut and run despite their debt of £14 10s. to the Government f their passage money. Of course the contract for this wholesa emigration has been taken by a Liverpool line and of course we get set of half starved L'pool loafers. There has been a bad piece work with the *Ann Wilson* of which you will see the account probab in the English papers—my uncle prosecuted the Captain, the on tangible person, who was fined to the amount of £1,860, but he h absconded and is believed to have bolted in his vessel which was hove ing about the heads (the entrance to Port Nic.). I cannot help thin ing that his escape was winked at by the Pro. Govt. although th offered £100 for his capture but intentionally omitted any descriptio of his person ; consequently a newcomer was pounced upon by son of the Maori police, pinioned and brought into town only to be libe ated when the resident magistrate saw he was the wrong man. T chap, who was a married man, being arrested on a somewhat desola spot and totally ignorant of the Maori lingua must have fancied th he had fallen into the hands of a lot of tattoed cannibals. A gre number of deaths occasioned by starvation, from want of foo water, and medical comforts occurred on the *Ann Wilson ;* one m died in the Colonial hospital, he was past recovery. The rascal ship-owners and charterers and the emigration officer at L'pool a the real culprits ; the Captain was merely their representative. It to be regretted that the London shipowners are becoming great adepts in swindling as their brethen of L'pool. The fa is the passage money for the lowest class being reduced to so small sum, the grub is obliged to be stinted to make it pay, and even t cabin passengers who pay a high rate are sometimes as badly off the others. The L'pool vessels have this advantage, they are general clippers, make quick voyages and you escape all the knocking abo and detention in the Channel, so that your period of starvation reduced—but then the damned rogues take advantage of this and, t searching officers conniving, vessels are provisioned only for 60 da when they are just as likely to be a hundred on the voyage. This w the case with the *Ann Wilson* on which hunger, disappointment a fever did their work.

You must remember that once on board and under weigh you a at the mercy of the captain, doctor, purser and cook, and therefore is as well to provide against possibilities. Prefer paying a f pounds more to go in a vessel that is not overcrowded and is w provisioned. I should recommend the second cabin although

oughed it in the intermediate which is in every respect as bad as the teerage and, to a dozen of wine should possibly be preferred, if the essel is ill-supplied with water or the casks or tanks prove leaky, some ew dozen of *spring water* ! With hams, herrings, baking powder and a ew preserves—bring out with you a good stock of clothes and boots o last some years (these should be packed in a tin, soldered up and ecured in a case for the voyage, for you can wear any rags on board hip) and if you intend to settle and take to farming or stock-keeping, a *ard working wife*, a little capital, and even such saucepans and grid-rons as you can pack up in a small compass, and perhaps furniture. even think it is advisable to bring your farming implements and arpenter's tools with you if on inquiry you find the cost of their reight is not exorbitant, for everything of the sort is very dear here. his province however is not a farming province, it being so hilly, ut rather a grazing country. Canterbury on the contrary is a level lain covered with miles of corn-fields.

I have seen instances of men who arrived with only a few shillings n their pocket who were glad to put their heads in any hovel and who y their perseverance, although still coarse rough fellows, are possessed f houses, land and cattle. Could you buy some good land, stock it, ive on it and wait for the improvement of the locality, you would find ourself in course of time a rich man. Thus town acres which in the ommencement of the colony were sold for £2 are now worth £500. he price of land is rising and it is only in the interior that you can uy it for the ridiculously low prices said to be general here by the hipping agents in England whose business it is to tell varnished lies. gain, although I should always feel happy to repay the hospitality I ave experienced at your hands, still I should say that you would feel he absence of a relation or friend who could give you advice and assis-ance and I should recommend you if you can to bring some capital with ou, money being after all the best commodity all over the world, nd you might possibly find it to your advantage to be serving-man efore you were master. I knew a Scotchman who brought here £1,200 in his pocket but who at once accepted a situation of 5s. per iem before he would waste his capital in looking about him.

By the bye some of the grumblers say that Wellington is only it for Scotchmen, who certainly thrive here, but I should think that nglishmen could imitate them. I believe the place is much like the ' Land o'cakes " in its external appearance, mountainous and grand, ut deucedly hilly and barren and although enjoying a wonderful limate for productiveness yet you in vain look for the fertile expanse hich is such a feature of English scenery. This is not a paradise as ome of your ship agents would make you believe, and although for he last three months we have enjoyed cloudless skies with scarcely shower (the cattle meanwhile becoming dry and thin) an unexampled

continuance of fine weather, which has not been shared in other provinces— during which Port Nicholson often presented the picture of a sleeping lake, yet we shall pay for this soon by having clay hills as greasy as butter and about as pleasant to walk on, while the hollows will be knee-deep in mud and some fine day or night the ferocious wind will take off our gutters and deposit them by way of a joke in our neighbour's garden or play such freaks with the verandah that it will have to be lashed to the ground to prevent it from taking an aerial trip.

New colonies present this advantage that although labour and provisions are dear and duties high, yet taxation itself is almost unknown. This will however make its appearance, for our New Provincial Government, having contracted a loan of £150,000 to carry out their schemes and feather their own nests, how else can this be repaid ? The evil will of course eventually cure itself by a re-action, but in the meantime many who own land will pay more than its value in taxes. Still if you could come out to this part of the world you need not stay in Wellington ; there are the other provinces of Auckland, New Plymouth, Nelson, Canterbury and Otago which have each their peculiar advantages, or if dissatisfied with New Zealand there are the older and more advanced colonies of Sydney and Victoria and others in southern Australia or even that of Tasmania. If not pleased with any of these I should say that " Eden " only would suit you.

You must now allow me to finish. Has old —— been making affectionate inquiries after me ? If so, pray inform him that I am thinking of forwarding him shortly the 35s. I owe him as I think the time I have deferred paying it will take the polish off his exorbitant charge for a frock coat which after all has proved a deuced good one for I have not taken the shine out of it yet. You can also say *sotto voce* that if he likes to invest in land out here I shall be very happy to be his agent. Do not leave England if you are doing well, but if you determine upon coming over here and if alive I shall be very happy to see you (for probably if dead I shall not be able to) ; you must make up your mind to rough it, to live upon salt pork and to wash once a week (that is to say in the bush) and be determined to stay here long enough to make your fortune and then if you like, and the electric telegraph is laid on, go home with your hands full (of tin) and enjoy yourself in your maturer age. This is the very country for stock-men and graziers. You will find plenty of accounts now published of N.Z. but beware of too much soft sawder.

Believe me,

Dear Watkins,

Your's very truly,

C. M. Igglesden.

AT SETTIGNANO

By Wilfrid Gibson

On the high loggia, under the night's blue
Translucency through which the full stars droop
Like icy lustres, sleepless yet, I lie,
And turn from gazing at the dazzling sky
Towards the vale, where, loop on gleaming loop,
By oaks and olives hushed in breathless sleep
The broad calm waters of the Arno sweep
To dim-lit towered Florence, that by the stream
Of her long troubled history broods in dream :
And, in a vision, I see silent squares
And life-deserted streets athrong with ghosts,
Painters and statesmen, priests and warrior-hosts,
Still desperately engaged in the affairs
Of enterprises, which, reluctantly,
Death forced them to relinquish, in full stress
Of near-achievement of the mastery
Of life, itself—doomed, at the very hour
They seemed to grasp the orb of absolute power,
To the grave's unadventurous idleness.

COLOUR

By Lois Vaughan Thomas

In spring
Nature's hand draws over the water-soft sky,
The new soil, the small skipping beasts,
A wet wash of blue.
In summer
Orange fire streaks the feathering trees—
Nature splashes yellow.
But in autumn, in autumn,
The mauve-brown light
Faint-washed, hardly with colour,
More with a spirit, a sadness, an end.

So with the hours of day.
Morning is red and white—
Bold brush-strokes,
A pierrot's medley.
Afternoon already a little gold-pink, hazier.
But dusk, but dusk :
Over the ballerina hills—
Pale fingers folded, rags of dark chiffon
Floating to rest—
A backcloth of clouds
Aquarelled purple, indigo and pale lemon.

EVELYN WAUGH

By Neville Braybrooke

"We chose Lancing for Evelyn", Arthur Waugh wrote of his second son in his book, *One Man's Road*, because "he had always shown a deeply religious temperament"; this information was made public in 1931, precisely one year after Evelyn Waugh's conversion to Roman Catholicism. The two facts taken together are significant, and, in the sense that one prompted the other, they are complementary. They were as relevant to an assessment of Evelyn Waugh's satires then as they are to-day. Between the sudden dazzlement of *Decline and Fall* when it appeared in 1928 and the sustained achievement of *The Loved One* in 1948, there is only a difference of treatment, not of theme. That theme which underlies all his fiction has its clearest statement in *Vile Bodies* (1931). Father Rothschild, a Jesuit, is speaking with the Prime Minister.

> "*What war*?" said the Prime Minister sharply. "No one has said anything to me about a war. I really think I should have been told. I'll be damned", he said defiantly, "if they shall have a war without consulting me. What's a Cabinet for if there's not more mutual confidence than that? What do they want a war for, anyway?"
>
> "That's the whole point. No one talks about it, and no one wants it. They're all afraid to breathe a word about it."
>
> "Well, hang it all, if no one wants it, who's going to make them have it?"
>
> "Wars don't start nowadays because people want them. We long for peace, and fill our newspapers with conferences about disarmament and arbitration, but there is a radical instability in our whole world order, and soon we shall all be walking into the jaws of destruction again, protesting our pacific intentions."

This is a satirist's translation of Thomas a Kempis's maxim that all men desire peace, but not the things which lead to peace. For before the final chapter—aptly and ironically entitled "Happy Ending"—comes the bombshell: ". . . . Colonel, the most terrible and unexpected thing—*War has been declared.*"

Now it is worth noting that the difference between *Vile Bodies* and *The Loved One* is principally external, since in one sense even the titles are similar—though the second is more subtle. The change that has occurred is not of content, but of presentation; the satire has become keener, time and practice having been the whetstones.

Yet the practice has not been altogether successful during the last two decades. *Waugh in Abyssinia* (1935) and *Robbery Under Law* (1939) add up to little more than travelling reportage: they give

the impression of being hastily planned books, written to order, and not carefully thought out. (*Waugh in Abyssinia* was a title of the publishers', not the author's, choosing.) Seen in retrospect and put side by side, the philosophy they set forth—if analysed textually—is not a happy one, suggesting that whereas Mussolini was right in his Abyssinian aggression (" war and conquest are inevitable ") in Mexico what mattered was not so much the persecution of Catholics as the fact that under law British oil interests were being endangered. On the other hand, he took full advantage of the practice that a biography of *Edmund Campion* (1935) afforded him : felicity of style was reflected in a sensitive interpretation of the main character and thus a synthesis, absent from his earlier biography of *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1927), was achieved.

These attempts of a satirist in a *métier* other than his own by talent prepared the way for his most ambitious work, *Brideshead Revisited* (1945) ; yet in many ways it is his least satisfactory, for the different elements fail to merge. One wonders, for instance, how many readers without the knowledge of the idea lying behind the book would have grasped it, had the publisher omitted the customary synopsis. In any case, one may ask whether *A Handful of Dust* (1934) did not make many of the same points—only less dogmatically ? For although *Brideshead Revisited* shows Roman Catholicism acting as " a twitch upon the thread " in an old English Catholic family, it is also a study of the break-up of marital relationships, and here the subtlety of the earlier book is missing. There, the moral is not pointed ; it is implicit as the story unwinds, being forcibly brought out midway through the book where Lady Brenda Last discusses with her solicitors the plans for gaining her divorce.

> " *My marriage was an ideally happy one*," she read, " *until shortly before Christmas last year when I began to suspect that my husband's attitude had changed towards me. He always remained in the country when my studies took me to London. I realized that he no longer cared for me as he used to. He began to drink heavily and on one occasion made a disturbance at our flat in London, constantly ringing up when drunk and sending a drunken friend round to knock on the door.* Is that necessary ? "
> " Not strictly, but it is advisable to put it in. A great deal depends on psychological impression. Judges in their more lucid moments sometimes wonder why perfectly respectable happily married men go off for week-ends to the seaside with women they do not know. It is always helpful to offer evidence of general degeneracy."
> " I see," said Brenda. " *From then onwards I had him watched by private detectives and as a result of what they told me, I left my husband's house on April 5th.* Yes, that all seems quite clear."

The irony lies in the matter-of-factness of the document, especially when the reader has been shown how much the shoe is on the other foot. " We like to protect our clients against even the most remote contingencies," says the lawyer ; but then, unlike Tony, he had not had a husband's opportunities to contract the habit of loving and

trusting Brenda. For him, a case was a case—come what may.

In *Brideshead Revisited*, by contrast, there is a certain forcing of the arguments. Julia tells Charles Ryder

> " I've been punished a little for marrying Rex. You see, I can't get all that sort of thing out of my mind, quite—Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Nanny Hawkins, and the catechism. It becomes part of oneself, if they give it one early enough. And yet I wanted my child [still born] to have it— . . now I suppose I shall be punished for what I've just done. Perhaps that is why you and I are here together like this . . . part of a plan."

Although such arguments are presented as conversation for the most part, they are really a form of apologetic. They strain a reader's credulity ; they have a note of indoctrination about them. Despite fine passages and descriptions the book has an air of propaganda. What it needed was a controlling idea and though Mr. Waugh had such an idea—that once a Catholic always a Catholic because whereas you can be a bad Catholic you can never resign from the Church—his technique was not flexible enough to execute it successfully ; instead the book appears as an anthology of memorable moments fitted into too rigid a framework. Spontaneity is missing, with the result that these memorable moments do not converge as they should in a work of art. One feels that *Brideshead Revisited* is remarkable mainly for stating a theme that will later be re-written in the way that T. S. Eliot has re-written so much of the poetry of La Fargue and Tristan Corbière. It is essentially what may be called a pioneer novel and whether Mr. Waugh, or some other novelist, will return to re-state its theme is beside the point here. Placed in his works its function appears principally as that of an interim book, while, if *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (1946) is little more than a pot-boiler, the publication of *The Loved One* in 1948 dispelled any doubts that one might have about Mr. Waugh's powers as a satirist being on the wane. Along with his biography of *Edmund Campion* and his novel, *A Handful of Dust*, it is the third of the three peaks in his work.

The core of *The Loved One* first appeared as an article in *The Tablet*, entitled " Half in Love with Easeful Death " and sub-titled " An Examination of Californian Burial Customs ". In that article can be found the gist of the satire, sub-titled " An Anglo-American Tragedy ". The tragedy of course is not without its humour, but behind the plot there is a serious indictment of civilization, as reflected in southern California. It is that a fear of the supernatural cannot be overcome by pampering the dead—as if central heating can restore the warmth to the body which while it lived was the prerogative of the heart, Yet to state the theme baldly thus is to resort to an explanation which is accurate as far as the actual article went in its various inferences, but cannot be

extended to fiction when as satire it becomes a work of art. The theme is inherent in the story ; it is not, as in *Brideshead Revisited*, another ingredient which has been added—though a hint of what is to follow in *The Loved One* occurs in some of Charles Ryder's musings.

> The Pollock diggings provide a valuable link between the citizen slave communities of the twentieth century and the tribal anarchy which succeeded them. Here you see a people of advanced culture, capable of an elaborate draining system and the construction of permanent highways, over-run by a race of the lowest type. The measure of the newcomers may be taken by the facts that their women were devoid of all personal adornment and that the dead were removed to burying places a great distance from the settlement—a sure sign of primitive taboo. . . .

This theme, this controlling idea (which reappears in *The Loved One*), is not something which has been borrowed, but has grown rather from within, and therefore it must constantly come to the fore the nearer each Christian approaches his death—that death which for him means also life. It is this paradox which gives the satirist who is both a Roman Catholic by belief and of " deeply religious temperament "—as it gave Dryden in the seventeenth century and gives Evelyn Waugh in the present one—an added power, a sharper comprehension of human values. Against a purely temporal background human values tend to become two-dimensional. A state of mind comes into being when, as Sir Francis Hinsley comments in *The Loved One* : " If we ever got disconnected from the bottle, we should crumble." Novelists who find themselves in this position usually find as well that their characters become two-dimensional because characters conceived by an author in a state antecedent to full integration sooner or later become cardboard figures, and later, just " types ". An inability to see beyond material things results in a limitation of the gamut of human experience. As a relevant example of this one may compare this Anglo-American tragedy of the 'forties with one of Aldous Huxley's novels of the 'thirties. In both books Whispering Glades Cemetery features.

In *After Many a Summer* the cemetery is only comic ; funny, but scarcely terrifying. In Mr. Waugh's book it is terrifying and comic, both a warning and a joke, but the kind of joke which prompts reflection. Mr. Joyboy and Aimée Thanatogenos, as they dance attendance upon the dead, turning the last breath of life in a corpse from a grim line of endurance to one of happy smiles, with their rouge, their cards for sagging jaws, have something of the horror which is to be found in a painting by Hieronymous Bosch. They are like monsters in some fantastic allegory of which modern man has lost the key. Further, since the book is not propaganda, but a work of art, no epilogue closes it, to give the key. As Dennis Barlow reflects on his last evening in Los Angeles.

> He was carrying back instead a great shapeless chunk of experience, the artist's load ; bearing it home to his ancient and comfortless shore ; to work on it hard

and long, for God knew how long—it was the moment of vision for which a lifetime is often too short.

As a work of art this book is like a lighthouse ; in the satire there is light, but it exists solely for those who are prepared to seek it out because in so doing they will be making an excursion into their own interiors to discover what it was in man that led their contemporaries in southern California to erect the deadest of all monuments to preserve the memory of human life. It is a question similar to that raised in *Vile Bodies* about war. " Well, hang it all, if no-one wants it, who's going to make them have it ? " In short, as one question leads to the other, so inevitably one book has led to the other, and although this would be a tempting place at which to close these notes on Mr Waugh's development as a writer it would be yielding to a neat rather than a truthful summing up. For there remains *Helena* (1950).

Helena is a step back. The rather bland prefatory statement that the story is " just something to be read " destroys any suggestion that it may be a pot-boiler—as do some of the finer passages of writing which occur in it, which are impressive, even though few and far between. Take for example this passage from the third chapter :

> They travelled by water, for Constantius became solicitous when he heard of her pregnancy, in a barge, a vessel of state, carved and painted, deep-laden with furniture and provisions from the rich markets of Ratisbon. The slaves pulled slow on their oars. Constantius was in no hurry now. He and Helena lay like princes of India under an awning of silk ; idly, daylong, they watched the rushy banks sweep by, threw sweetmeats to the naked urchins who swam to salute them, to the birds who followed their passage and perched sometimes on the gilded prow ; at night they eschewed the towns and tied up on the banks at the leafy islets, lit a fire on shore and feasted the villagers who often gathered to dance and sing in its light. The guards and the boatmen slept ashore, leaving the whole splendid ship to be a marriage bed for Helena and Constantius. Often in the morning, when they cast off, their guests of the night before came with garlands of flowers which died at midday and then were thrown overboard to drift more slowly behind them towards Nish.
>
> Helena's love, sprung of the mists and rain, grew tender and summer sweet while the new life ripened imperceptibly within her ; in those soft days of Constantius's holiday, her honeymoon deferred, Helena rejoiced to feel that she was loved. . . .

One notices the use of the adjective " summer-sweet " and the phrase " idly, daylong "—the latter, as it would seem, recalling Walter de la Mare's work. But the supposition is not quite accurate. The phrase is original, and in the long poem entitled *Winged Chariot* (1951) one comes across Walter de la Mare using the phrase " window idling " for the first time in his poetry. He is not copying Mr. Waugh, but drawing from a stock which is common to them both, since by tradition, though not age, they are contemporaries. For in defending a hierarchical structure of society, in defending (as they both have) the old ideas about marriage and the family against the new-

fangled ones of divorce and free love, their defence amounts to a defence of spiritual values. With Evelyn Waugh those values are distinctly Christian, with Walter de la Mare Christian, tinged with pantheism. Yet in *Helena* though one cannot doubt Mr. Waugh's faith, the propagandist rather than the artist shows itself once more.

In retelling the legend of the Empress Helena in her search for the relics of the True Cross, time and again he falls back upon his notebook. For instance, he asks

> did she merely conform to the prevailing fashion, lie open unresisting to Divine Grace and so without design become its brimming vehicle ? [and, as he continues] We do not know. She was one seed in a vast germination.

In a legend or novel this kind of speculation is out of context, since these are factors which should be inherent in the story. They should not require an author's aside to the reader ; they should be a component part of the general framework of the book. This weakness which has become more marked as Mr. Waugh has turned to more specifically religious themes. Admittedly all his fiction has led up to these and, if one criticizes his execution of them, it is not to disparage or suggest that he should call a halt to them ; rather, it is to place such expeditions where they belong—among the foothills. Yet paradoxically without those foothills there could not be the peaks. Sharp divisions cannot be drawn between the two, because each is dependent upon the other ; by the comparative failures one recognizes the achievements, and one is reminded of the fallability of novelists, how—because of the bend in human nature—good intentions are not enough to make a work of art. It is the perennial problem facing the artist of " a deeply religious temperament ", forcing him back to acknowledge original sin. For the problem acts for him as both an incentive and a challenge, and it is in that spirit that Evelyn Waugh has accepted it—the year in and the year out. Accordingly one cannot now make anything more than an interim judgment upon his work, relating each book to the whole of his output, but evaluating it separately. For easy as it is to be wise after the event with an author of such individuality and whose talent has taken so many unexpected turns, it is unwise to prophecy about his future. Already those who wrote him off as a bad letter in modern literature after *Brideshead Revisited* have been proved wrong. There is greater wisdom in remembering a simpler fact : that as novelists go, he is still reasonably young ; he is not yet fifty.

THE APPRECIATION OF ART

By F. W. Wentworth-Sheilds

FOR many years, as the cleavage has widened between modern and traditional art forms, the appreciation of art has become clouded with growing perplexities. To many, the absence of any similarities between new and old has suggested a complete land-slide of standards that once had seemed secure and lasting. At the present time, when aesthetic values are of uncertain denomination and beauty itself is of uncertain appearance, there is good reason to be thankful for the kind of survey that Mr. Silcock has written.* For, much of the bewilderment provoked by modern experimental art can be dispersed by seeing these contemporary works in their true relationship to the whole history of man's artistic development.

That is not to say that Mr. Silcock has devised an elastic formula of appreciation which will cover both the older art forms of unquestioned excellence and modern works of seemingly obvious merit ; nor has he propounded a new interpretation of the nature of beauty. He has set his course through the ages, traced with an easy narrative the growth, flowering and proliferation of man's aesthetic instinct and discussed with a flowing continuity of thought the significant philosophies of beauty and the relevant theories of modern scientists and psychologists. His work is essentially a commentary, remarkable for the delicate, clear pattern of reasoning made by the elaboration of each theme, for his lucid inferences and for his brilliant capacity for frequent and apt quotation.

" We are all artists in some degree," he declares. Each of us accumulates a mental store of impressions, images, memories and records, fragmentary or complete, of all kinds of experiences. This collection of images is the very source of the artist's creative activity, but each of us draws on a similar, personal depository to a greater or less extent, and to this extent, we are all artists ; all of us, furthermore, " exercise aesthetic faculties when we use our eyes. We voice our likes and dislikes : or silently, we employ a critical approach to innumerable objects . . . . even when the mental operation is quite unconscious." But, in addition to seeing with the physical eye, " we can look with a highly individualized inner or mental vision," and in this second form of vision, " we differ from each other far more widely because the individual personality is more actively engaged in that mental operation than it is in physical seeing."

" If we say, however," he writes in another passage, " that visual beauty is simply what pleases the eye, let us not forget that the eye is the optical instrument only—it is the mind that registers pleasure or displeasure." This is an explanation of wide differences in personal tastes, in capacities for perception and appreciation. For it is the contents of the personal depository in our minds which determines the nature and intensity of our aversions and preferences. " Here, then, we have the crux of the matter. Visual beauty ", Mr. Silcock writes, " is that which pleases the eye. It is an individual reaction depending on ourselves alone, our memory associations—our thinking." It follows, then, that " the appreciation of art ", as he states in a later chapter, " is . . . a matter of association, mental habit and education." Yet, although our capacity for perception is a personal, variable matter, there is, nevertheless, a very wide measure of consent in our assessments. The author quotes the words of

* *A Background for Beauty*. Arnold Silcock. Melrose. 50s.

Longinus : " For in general, that which is beautiful and sublime is accepted in all ages by all kinds of judges." " Great art ", Mr. Silcock writes, " has traditionally appealed to a large body of cultivated opinion."

" Is there a real standard of value, that is to say a true standard of value, in the design of visual art, and is it possible to distinguish it ? " The question is put by Miss Margaret Bulley in the introductory note to her first volume,* and the affirmative reply is eloquently supported by the skilled presentation of very fascinating evidence. There are nearly four hundred illustrations. "All . . are directed to the one purpose of leading the eye, through contrast and comparison, to true response to the work of art." The work of art itself, Miss Bulley maintains, is the only infallible teacher. Its quality of truth can only be tested, the truth of its quality can only be recognized and appreciated in terms of its original conception as a coherent, harmonious unity in the artist's mind. This act of perception imposes the need for a truly impartial approach, unhampered by prejudice, obstinate traditionalism or fashionable notions. " For the obstacles to understanding are not in art," Miss Bulley writes, " but in the beliefs which would prevent clearness of sight. Further, this overcoming is more than ever needed to-day . . . the modern tendency is to accept ready-made or synthetic views spread by radio, film and press and, unfortunately, by certain forms of education."

The dedication of the book reads : " To John and Mary no matter what country they come from." They are an engaged couple planning their home. This first volume deals particularly with the design of houses and house furnishings, and generally with architecture and certain aspects of planning. Each chapter introduces a different element of design such as mass, line and space, light and shade ; each is illustrated by some fifty pictures which are preceded by a vividly written exposition. A great number of the pictures are cleverly paired as revealing contrasts; John, Mary and the reader are invited to commit themselves to an opinion by answering the question: " Which is the good work (or grouping) and for what reason ? " The volume ends with a highly interesting appendix which is an analysis of a series of experiments the author has made, and a record of individual answers given to the question above by Johns and Marys as different in their outlook and way of life as art students and farm workers.

In our day, modernism has disrupted tradition ; out of the resulting dissension and confusion, the need has emerged for an honest and distinct re-statement of values. Both Miss Bulley's book and Mr. Silcock's answer such a need.

* *Art and Everyman.* A basis for Appreciation. Volume I. Batsford. £2 5s. 0d.

FOOD : Volume I —The Growth of Policy, by R. J. Hammond, H.M.S.O. and *Longmans, Green.* 25*s.*

It might be thought that a large volume (the first of two) on the work of the Ministry of Food during the war would be heavy going. Such is not the case. Mr. Hammond, who has had free access to official sources—his work is part of the Civil Series in the history of the war being published at the Stationery Office—has succeeded in combining clarity with fullness of exposition. The book is " must " reading for every critic of the Ministry of Food.

The history of the Ministry provides a striking example of the administrative strength inherent in a democracy. The ideal is perhaps the conjunction in one person of a powerful imagination with a firm grip on details. In its absence a division of functions is infinitely preferable to the fallibility of amateur dictatorship. Mr. Hammond shows that neither the Prime Minister nor Lord Woolton had a complete grasp of details. On the other hand, some officials at least thought that attempts to express the intangible

future in exact figures was a substitute for the wider vision. But these defects corrected each other, and on the whole the complementary tasks of formulating and of executing policy were successfully discharged.

"What good came of it at last?" The answer is with us to-day. The public enjoy a better and cheaper diet than they would have but for the wartime activities of the Ministry. The development of the present system is part of a process reaching back to before the war. Mr. Hammond has a keen sense for that continuity by which major institutions come into being. The notion of a decent minimum diet goes back to the depression which "more than anything else changed the problem of better feeding for all from an academic study to one which clamoured for practical application." The decisive step was taken early in the war, when the Treasury was apparently undecided whether to stop inflation by food subsidies or by food taxes. What was a technical question to the Treasury was sociologically a matter of the most far-reaching consequence. The ultimate decision in favour of subsidies allowed the Ministry of Food to become the instrument by which a reasonably cheap diet, an intrinsic part of the Welfare State, was assured.

Mr. Hammond's work confirms Bagehot's insight when he spoke of the difficulty but also the pettiness of the administrator's work. There can have been few other fields of action where decisions were equally urgent and equally certain to have repercussions—which had to be assessed correctly in advance—in a multitude of other spheres. The problem of wheat extraction and its effect on feeding stuffs for cattle is a familiar instance. The question of sharing tonnage between imports of food and of other essentials was equally distracting, and in the background stood the Treasury, urging that the cost of living must be kept down, but incurious about the actual procurement of the means of life. One can hardly doubt that Mr. Churchill's recent decision to put the Ministries of Food and of Agriculture under a single overlord reflects his reading of the administrative lesson taught by the war.

W. H. JOHNSTON

EASTERN EPIC: Volume I—Defence, by Compton Mackenzie. *Chatto & Windus*. 30*s*.

Before writing this account of India's achievement in the 1939-1945 war, the author visited almost every battlefield where Indian troops had fought. In his task of unravelling the Indian threads from the tangled skein of the Commonwealth's war effort, he was able to draw upon the great mass of war diaries and similar material available from Government sources. Here, in Volume I, he deals only with the defensive phase from September 1939 to March 1943. He writes with unconcealed admiration for his subject, describes the actions vividly and has collected a wealth of regimental detail. Yet the result must rank among the sadder obituaries in the English language. Throughout the long tale of chivalry, discipline and sacrifice runs a sombre undertone: the old Indian army, among the finest military forces the world has seen, is now no more. The realization adds a black border to every battle-picture that the author paints, from Keren to Imphal.

India in her long history has produced many fighting races, and there is no doubt that the young forces of India and Pakistan will maintain the traditions that they inherit. But the Indian army of which Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes, British trained and British led, has fought its last battle. How well it was trained was apparent even in the grim days of Dunkirk. In the early months of the war there was in France an Indian mule transport group, known as Force K6, composed largely of Punjabi Mussalmans. They had been trained only in mountain warfare and on arrival had to be re-trained as quickly as possible for

European conditions. They were taught, among other things, that they should not approach within a hundred yards of any building or crossroads marked on a map, because in the 1914-1918 war it had been learnt that such places were liable to be shelled. During the withdrawal in 1940 Force K6 suffered only 12 casualities. " When these troops landed at Plymouth they were almost the only troops who had lost no equipment and almost the only troops who formed up on their markers on disembarkation.

Indian troops were among those who, on November 6, 1940, launched the first British offensive of the war. The 10th Indian Brigade, commanded by Brigadier W. J. Slim (now C.I.G.S.) moved forward at 5.30 a.m. against Gallabat in the Sudan and by 8 a.m. the objective was taken. This small action was an earnest of better things to come later in the war ; but in Volume I—with the exception of the brilliant campaigns in East Africa and General Wavell's desert victory against the Italians—the author writes more of defence than of attack. His account of the battle of Keren, in its tumble of granite mountains which the defenders might well have believed to be impregnable, is military history at its best. It is agreeable moreover to find a tribute to the Italian soldiers. " The unfortunate licence of wartime propaganda allowed the British press to represent the Italians almost as comic warriors, but except for the German parachute division in Italy and the Japanese in Burma no enemy with whom the British and Indian troops were matched put up a finer fight than those Savoia Battalions at Keren."

Too often, however, the author has to describe the unavailing gallantry of Indian troops hopelessly matched against an enemy vastly better equipped; soldier's blood wasted because the Indian army, through lack of political courage in the Government at home, was not ready for the war when it came. For this abdication of imperial duty not only cabinets and general staffs can be blamed. The blame rests also upon ourselves. In the author's words, " it was we who were weary of responsibility, like the Romans once upon a time."

GORDON WINTER

THE BASUTO, by Hugh Ashton. *Oxford University Press.* 35*s.*

Compared to many other African tribes the Basuto are a well documented people. From the records of the earliest missionaries right down to the present day there is no lack of information of all kinds, much of it, whether it relates to history or to folklore and legend, extremely detailed ; nor is any general history of southern Africa complete unless it contains more than a passing reference to the emergence of the Basuto nation that we know to-day. Mr. Ashton's book is however the first comprehensive description of these people in the twentieth century, in which life as they live it is studied against the background of the past ; with the present interest in the South African High Commission Territories, as well as the increasing attention that is being given to the way in which the African everywhere is adjusting himself to modern conditions, it comes very aptly.

Mr. Ashton is well qualified for his task. He was born and brought up in Basutoland, speaks the language and has long been occupied with native affairs in different capacities. His facts are based on his own observations made while living among the people whom he studies. That he gained their confidence is shown by the freedom with which they have given him the information he sought.

In this book all aspects of Basuto life from birth to death, are compendiously described, and with this description the author notes the process, sometimes of decay, but always of change, that modern influences have brought about. In the light of present developments in local government in other parts of Africa, the chapter on political organi-

ation is of special interest. The unusual system of the Basuto has been much criticized, and Mr. Ashton brings out its merits and its faults with meticulous impartiality. The reforms introduced by the British Government in the last 20 years were certainly needed; whether the manner of their introduction was always wise is another matter. The chapter on medicine, magic and sorcery contains a reference to 'ritual murder', the full extent of which has only comparatively recently been revealed, though, as Mr. Ashton suggests, it may have been going on for a long time. The author's dispassionate objectivity detracts nothing from the horror of its details.

One need not search this book for any deep inquiry into the remote origins of the various institutions with which it deals, nor for indications of their relationship with those of other races. Many customs of the Basuto have their counterpart elsewhere, and in some cases (for example, the initiation ceremonies) are almost identical with the practice in other African tribes. Such comparisons form no part of Mr. Ashton's intention, which is simply to give a "straightforward and readable account of the Basuto way of life." In this he has admirably succeeded. Apart from the interest of the matter, the lay-out is well planned and the English crystal-clear.

Although in his introduction Mr. Ashton apologizes for not going sufficiently into detail, nothing seems to have been omitted that one would have expected to find in so compact a volume. Within the limits that the author has set himself it is complete. It is hard to imagine that anyone concerned with the Basuto will be able to do without this book; nor is it likely that another will take its place for a long time. Others, whose interests lie more generally in the

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

THE ECONOMIC BLOCKADE *Volume* 1. *By W. N. Medlicott*

The first of two volumes telling the story of the blockade of Germany in the Second World War. It recounts the delicate negotiations whereby neutral powers were urged to cease or reduce their trade with Britain's enemies. This volume takes the story down to the summer of 1941, when the German attack on Russia and the British and United States freezing orders against Japan commenced a decisive new phase in the economic War. 35*s*. By post 36*s*. 1*d*.

(Published in conjunction with Longmans Green & Co., Ltd.)

APPROVED SCHOOLS AND REMAND HOMES

Report of a Committee to review Punishments in, Prisons, Borstal Institutions, Approved Schools and Remand Homes. (Parts III & IV). This Committee was to consider the procedure adopted in enquiring into breaches of discipline, and to recommend whether any changes in the methods are necessary or desirable (Cmd 8429). 2*s*. 6*d*. By post 2*s*. 7½*d*.

HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

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study of the African's changing outlook in face of new needs and new conditions, will find in it much useful material. The map fulfils its purpose and the index is handy and efficient. The price, of course, is high, and if this is due in part to the photographs, it would have been better, pleasant as they are, to leave them qut.

A. SILLERY

A WINDOW ON A HILL by Richard Church. *Hale.* 15*s.*

There are books that leave us not only satisfied but grateful ; such a one is *A Window on a Hill* by Richard Church, who has taken poetry, fiction and essays to be a part of his province. He is a philosopher who has chosen his setting wisely and looks out on a very beautiful world, concentrating, contemplating, meditating and thereby following the three practices that lead to extension of faculty. A good companion, he directs us to look not only around, but beyond and within ; poetic grace lends real distinction to the guidance. He turns from the present to the past, seeing much that is beautiful in both, but not shrinking from due comment on ugliness we have outgrown. He tells no connected story, content to paint pictures, pictures of rural England, the Weald of Kent, Paris in sunshine, the Riviera, Venice ; the blossoms of his home orchard seem to mingle their perfume with his prose. His vision is remarkable, piercing from the husk to the core of life, and here he owes much to the Wordsworth of Dove Cottage who appears at times as guide, philosopher and friend.

An engaging book, one that for many of us will find a corner on a nearby shelf, to be called for when we are in search of quiet companionship, of a friendly voice within easy reach, the voice of one who has savoured something of the meaning of life far from the madding crowd. We feel once again the significance of Botticelli's *Primavera* and Girolamo dai Libri's orchard pictures in Verona, we think in terms of blossom and bird song, faith in humanity, and fellowship with all that is best on the pilgrimage that takes us from an unknown past to an inscrutable future. It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Church's latest book will leave many thoughtful readers deep in his debt.

Very pleased with my view from his window and pondering how best to convey its charm to the reader, I found these lines in one of the closing chapters, in which Mr. Church speaks of a book that " suddenly emerges from the world of print and paper and becomes a living force of personality whose influence tinges our minds for long afterwards."

This may be said of a work that has in some undefinable fashion the quality associated with the old Bee Master who could control his stocks so wisely that, in due season, they would come home, laden with all kinds of nectar in turn. For Mr. Church, the busy bees are thoughts, wandering in all directions, surveying all manner of scenes and circumstances, sounding the depths of experience and yielding a harvest that he distributes with a generous prodigality.

It is good to be a countryman, one to whom the things seen and heard yield deep meaning ; it is good to be a poet who can give the country scene a special setting ; it is still better to be both, fully equipped countryman and authentic poet. How grateful we should be for a book that enables us to indulge sincerely and without restraint, in " the noble pleasure of praising "!

S. L. BENSUSAN

FAREWELL, AGGIE WESTON, by Charles Causley.

A TETRALOGY, by Arthur Constance.

GUITAR, by Rob Lyle.

THE TWO NATURES, by Robert Waller. *The Hand and Flower Press : Poems in Pamphlet.* 1*s. each.*

Poems in Pamphlet is a monthly venture deserving the practical support of everybody who is willing to pay more

than lip-service to the importance of new poetry. The choice is extremely varied, each pamphlet is charmingly well-produced, and the annual subscription is no more than 14*s*. 6*d*. The first twelve titles are all the work of writers " hitherto not published in book form in England " though some of them may have been writing for many years and have contributed poems to good periodicals.

Of the four poets under review, Mr. Causley's is perhaps the most original talent. He is much alive and interested in the world, with the power of injecting new zest into ballad metres. He has some of the selective photographic particularity of Louis MacNiece, yet remains successfully himself. A number of poems, based upon his war experiences at sea, are nostalgic, and celebrate with great vividness foreign scenes and cities.

> The yellow stammer from the lighthouse of white sugar
> Pales as the African sun unfolds her tail of golden peacock
> Over the fevered harbour.

I must quote "Rattler Morgan" in full.

> Now his eyes are bright farthings
> And he spindles
> In seas deeper than death.
> His lips are no longer wet with wine
> But gleam with green salt
> And the Gulf Stream is his breath.
>
> Now he is fumbled by ancient tides
> Among decks flagged with seaweed
> But no flags sees he there.
> His fingers are washed to stone
> And to phosphor
> And there are starfish in his hair.

And elsewhere, Mr. Causley is a poet who does not forget the people.

In *A Tetralogy* Mr. Constance scorns to play for safety. He has something to say and has attempted an ambitious philosophical and religious work which, through word-painting based upon a close observation of nature, seeks " the all-inclusive symbolism, the perfect symbolism of a human life," out of human agony revealing the spirit of resurrection, finding his symbol in the emergence of the winged insect from caterpillar and chrysalis as expressed in the final poem " Lo ! Here Are Wings ! "

> Where is the evidence
> that in due time it will
> explode
> into a sheet of coloured flame
> soaring towards heaven ?

There is striking beauty throughout the poem ; yet in places the texture becomes over-wordy and repetitive, with torrential alliteration and a spate of assonance that lead to passages of bathos. There is an almost quasi-Whitmanesque gush, but there are also passion and wonder. Not everyone will find *A Tetralogy* to his taste. I liked it and found its intellectual content convincing and inspiring.

Mr. Rob Lyle's *Guitar* is formal and controlled in comparison. Infusing his own voice into traditional metres, he is perhaps representative of the newest romanticism, of a welcome return to the " single intention of creating beauty ".

> The oyster of the night has bred
> a pearl that hangs above the hills.

There is a strong classical-Mediterranean flavour about these poems ; while in several of them one feels the influence of Roy Campbell to whom " Carrara ", possibly the best poem, is dedicated. I liked also, for their strength and ring and colour, " In Memoriam Manolete ", " Guitar ", " *La Maja Desnuda* ", " The Waterfall ", " Suez " and " Swans ".

Mr. Robert Waller's *Two Natures* gives us a more personal poet who looks inward and explores between soul and sense, his theme the self-division in man.

> Lust and pray: a pagan heaven and a pious hell,
> Do what you will, are both in what you do ;
> The ancient Gods travel the new way.

Mr. Waller never falls below a certain level of competence, but in addition his mind has integrity and his religious poems sincerity, his love poems authentic and unafraid observation. He can command beauty of rhythm :

> The lips' geranium texture is
> Arms of the generous heart ;
> Their finesse and frailties

Are image of love's tender thought,
That so sensuously keeps,
In its cradling music caught,
The curving rhythm of the lips.

The *Pamphlets* are nothing if not varied.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS : A Study of the Development of English Metres and their Relation to Poetic Effect, by Catherine Ing. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Most readers of Elizabethan poetry are content to let the sounds of music creep in their ears without troubling about metrical technicalities or prosodic theories. But Mrs. Ing, who is a lecturer in English at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, seeks to show that a study of these will add to our understanding and enjoyment of the lyrics, with which her book is specially concerned. As she points out :

> They were written at a time when literary criticism was as eagerly pursued as literary creation. So far from being the spontaneous and untutored cries of 'a nest of singing birds' they were the products of highly conscious artists, often working to rule, always well aware of the effect they wished to produce and deliberately choosing certain means towards their chosen ends.

Mrs. Ing explains that by "Elizabethan Age" she signifies not merely the queen's reign, 1558-1603, but the periods beginning with *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557 and ending in 1633 with the first publication of Donne's *Poems*, many of which were written before Elizabeth's death. The importance of the critical works written during these years has been more generally recognized since they were collected and edited by Gregory Smith and J. E. Springarn. They deal mainly, as Mrs. Ing emphasizes, with the two extremes of their subject, the general nature of poetry, which they acclaim as divine, on the one hand, and with minute details of prosody on the other. The more highly the Elizabethans valued the poetic art, the more care they gave to metrical structure. Familiar instances are the sonnet, the *Faerie Queene* stanza, the dramatic blank verse. But Mrs. Ing's concern is with the less well-known lyrical metres. *Tottel's Miscellany* contains seventeennot previously used, and she has counted "several hundred forms for lyric poetry which have not to my knowledge been used before or after their use for one poem of this age."

In an interesting analysis she distinguishes between two types of lyric. The one in accordance with its etymology, is a song for singing. It is usually short, the diction and imagery are simple, and it is impersonal. The other is not intended for singing, it is a revelation of a strong personal emotion. Elizabethan lyrics belong to the first class, those of the nineteenth century romantic movement to the second. The difference is illustrated by a contrast between the anonymous "Western Wind, When Wilt Thou Blow" and Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

Among the critical writers Mrs. Ing, after briefer reference to Harvey, Spenser, Sidney and Fraunce, singles out for special attention George Gascoigne, James VI of Scotland, George Puttenham and Thomas Campion with significant quotations from their writings. Gascoigne's *Notes of Instruction* are informal, but he has the merit of accepting common English usage in pronunciation his guide to verse structure. From King James's *Ane Schort Treatise* Mrs. Ing quotes with approval : "For gif Nature be nocht the cheif worker in this airt, Reulis wilbe bot a band to Nature. . quhair as, if Nature be cheif, and bent to it, Reulis will be ane help and staff to Nature." His terms sometimes differ in meaning from those of his English contemporaries, he uses "fute" as equivalent to "syllable". Puttenham is remarkable for relating his thinking on poetry to his convictions about the other arts and for stressing "the natural *simpathie* betweene the ear and the eye." He gives ocular examples of verse structures, including the striking comparison of Queen Elizabeth to a spire, which has to be read upwards ending with the single word "skie". Mrs. Ing claims

for Campion that his criticism has been undervalued because it is not been realized that his attack on rime was on it as a substitute for, and not as addition to, careful structure of the line ; and she also claims that metrical experiments of the classicists were not without their value for the development of Elizabethan poetry.

To facilitate for readers to-day the understanding of the above treatises Mrs. Ing provides a helpful glossary of prosodic terms as used by the the Elizabethans, as compared with their meaning to-day. Notable among these are ' flowing ' used by King James as a substantive for ' rhythm ', the different interpretations of ' foot ' and ' line ' and the descent of both ' rhythm ' and ' rime ' from one Greek word. There follow comprehensive but in details highly technical chapters on Elizabethan lyrics as influenced by visual thinking, foreign prosodics, and music. The study concludes with an example of a number of the lyrics, especially those of Campion, Spenser, Shakespeare and Donne. For these, readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY must be referred to Mrs. Ing's pages. They will appeal chiefly to experts who will find in them a novel approach and fresh illumination.

F. S. BOAS

CHILD OF LIGHT : a Reassessment of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, by Muriel Spark. *Tower Bridge Publications.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this study, having proved somewhat prejudicial to its favour with readers and reviewers, raises a curious general question. The words are Shelley's own, addressing Mary, and ought thus to be appropriate. But the numerous instances of authors seeking safety in quotation show that safety is not always to be found there. Context matters, and mood ; a quoted title is no more secure in its rightness than is a snatch of over-heard dialogue when inserted in a play. This applies especially to romantic poets. What Shelley wrote in a warmth of dedicatory emotion cannot successfully be refrigerated and clapped on a critical work. Instead of judgment it cries of Hollywood and hysteria, unless the intention is ironical. Mrs. Spark is innocent of these charges, and in seizing on Shelley's words with too much confidence has handicapped a quiet, all-round study, reasonably free from bias.

A brief narrative of Mary's life accounts for half of it. This runs on lines that have become familiar since the publication of letters and journals came to fill out the biographical outlines of her widowed years. Mrs. Spark's most useful commentary is contained in her introduction, where a long quotation from Mary's self-analytical journal gives away even more than the diariest intended. Transport her to Russia and she becomes a Chekhovian before his time, easily pictured as one " in mourning for her life ", who could half enjoy that spectacle of herself and crave for society's admiration of it. The factor rescuing her from the futility of idle souls is that need to earn her living which drove her to keep on with her writing ; to keep on all the while that Percy Florence was being educated, that the rigid old father-in-law was obstructing her efforts, that bright spirits in male armour were passing her with a nod or a sign, or an attempt—how often !—to defraud her. It is a surprisingly big output, made possible by the fact that more matter than art went to stuff out the three-volume novels. The style of the day demanded it ; even so Godwin, her father, model and critic, warned her against spreading herself too much. But without shapeliness she yet had genius, that was almost to take possession in *Frankenstein* and then dart meteor-like across her later works. The recognition of this has led Mrs. Spark to draw attention, in her second section, to the literary and creative aspect of the woman who was not merely Shelley's wife.

In examining the work Muriel Spark

has been selective, omitting many items intentionally, and others by oversight. We should have liked some words on those two poetic scenes from classical drama that she wrote while Shelley was still there to encourage her and to interpolate lyrics. Without Mary and her effort we should never, presumably, have had that succinct expression, in the *Hymn of Pan*, of the mature Shelley's endless frustration :

> I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
> God and men, we are all deluded thus !
> It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed.

We should have lost the sorrow of those sweet pipings.

Mrs. Spark very properly gives space to the genius of *Frankenstein*, offering it as a blend of H. G. Wells's scientific fiction with the school of Gothic romance. She ends with a plea for recognition and a summary of Mary's most colossal—in the Hollywood sense —three-volume fantasy, *The Last Man*. Allowing that much of this death-of-society motive was in the air of the period, the novel still represents a remarkable feat of projection, invention and perseverance, though so much dead matter surrounds the moments of truth. Muriel Spark will have done good work if she persuades some publisher to reprint it after employing a severe cutter or *packer*, on Godwinian lines.

SYLVA NORMAN

THE SPIRIT ABOVE THE DUST, A study of Herman Melville, by Ronald Mason. *John Lehmann*. 18*s*.

The success of Benjamin Britten's opera may lead to a temporary demand at the bookstalls for copies of *Billy Budd* and for all other available copies of Herman Melville's works. The history of his popularity in this country, however, does not encourage any anticipation of a sustained revival.

He died in 1891, a few months after completing the manuscript of *Billy Budd*. His had been a stormy and unsettled career but, as W. H. Auden said in a poem about him : " Towards the end he sailed into an extraordinary mildness." For 30 years after his death he remained forgotten except as the author of an unwieldy book about whaling and a few interesting tales of travel in the South Seas. Then in 1924 a collected edition of his works was published and the critics began a process, still unfinished, of rehabilitation. In the United States this revival had been marked by an increasing attention to the lesser-known aspects of his work, and research has proceeded with constancy and penetration. In this country there have been sporadic outbursts of critical activity around Melville and there are occasional essays dealing with isolated fragments of his works or personality, but many of his books are still unobtainable and in the preparation of this study Mr. Mason has had to rely mainly upon the good offices of American contacts. It is the first full-length consideration of Melville's work to appear under the name of an English critic for a quarter of a century. Mr. Mason finds this neglect of his subject disappointing and states, as the express purpose of his book, " the hope of re-directing the interests of English readers and critics back to the swarming complexities and relevancies of Melville's unusual art."

In the circumstances it is not surprising that critical analysis too often lapses into uncritical adulation. Is it true, for instance, that Melville, " in a young and expanding literature . . . stands out as the first great poetic artist in whom the national genius attained universal stature " ? Is the universality of Melville's achievement greater than that attained by Walt Whitman ?

There can be no doubt of the supreme importance of Melville's work in the context of American literature and Mr. Mason is careful to hold his comparative analysis within its narrow limits. It is in this relationship between Melville and American literature that Mr. Mason can discover the reason for our coolness towards a writer whose

achievements, even at their greatest, dwindle to comparative insignificance when set against the works of such artists as Turgenev, Dostoievsky, Blake, Bunyan, Kafka and Lawrence.

The pattern of Mr. Mason's study is derived from his understanding of Melville's quest " for that re-discovery of that innocence in the human soul of which contact with worldly experience has deprived it." In *Typee* is seen a statement of innocence ; in *Redburn* an assault upon innocence ; in *White-Jacket* the abandonment of isolation, and finally through *Moby Dick* and *Pierre* is the defeat of innocence. The experiment of *Clarel* reveals a striving towards, and *Billy Budd* the victory of, a regained innocence. This pattern is followed with clarity and without undue straining after conformity and welds the study into a competent, challenging and often revealing study of this uneven, previously underrated and now perhaps overrated novelist and poet.

B. Evan Owen

Dr. VIPER, by Philip Gosse. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

" Dr. Viper " was one of the less opprobrious names given by his contemporaries to Philip Thicknesse, whose life more or less spanned the eighteenth century. He took some pains to earn it. He was expelled from Westminster School, failed when he was apprenticed to an apothecary, and started involving himself in rows as soon as, after that, he went to the new colony of Georgia with the Wesley brothers. He must have been fairly objectionable, even in the rowdy give-and-take of the eighteenth century mess, but he quickly as an officer of the Marines and as a private individual, acquired a quite special reputation for being difficult and cantankerous. He became Lieutenant-General of Landgard Fort, and the social boor *par excellence* of the eastern counties. He married a succession of wives, whose money and lives he spent prodigally. He lived, after a time, in Bath, and after a shorter time, out of it. He made enemies everywhere—and stimulated himself to his task with huge doses of opium.

What can be said in defence of this slightly ridiculous and always malevolent figure ? He had a stre ak of humanitarianism and disapproved of some of the more grisly examples of the John Bullying of his age—flogging in the army, the virtual slavery of domestic servants and so on. He approved, perhaps for the sake of being different, with the French Revolution. He always indeed admired and commended the French, when it was fashionable to think of them as frog-eating and contemptible mountebanks. Indeed, his travels in France, with a monkey as postillion and a temper as companion, are entertaining reading enough.

Mr. Gosse disinters this acrimonious character with care and some amiable asides. Certainly, although it may be true that Thicknesse was not the greatest quarreller in the world, at least he was a very tiresome man. Adulation of him would make a more than tiresome book. The author does not quite fall into this error. Indeed he suggests that Thicknesse may have cashed in on his popular unpopularity, and became little more than a blackmailer of those who did not wish to have their tiffs with him made a matter of public and protracted dispute.

Thicknesse was a second-rate man, living at a first-rate time. His author is perhaps generous in thinking him important. But this careful account is full of anecdote. Here is one of Thicknesse's hints on how to behave in France. He says : " Always carry a machine and secure the bedchamber doors at inns where you sleep and see that there are no holes behind large pictures in the room, large enough for a man to creep through." Creeping through such a picture into the eighteenth century Mr. Gosse has seen much. It is a distressing sight, but one well worth observing.

Pennethorne Hughes

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

A little spurt of indignation followed the first beholding of Maisie Ward's title RETURN TO CHESTERTON (*Sheed & Ward.* 21*s.*). The thought that some of us have never left him was involuntary, loftily aimed at those critics who sought after his death—and quite unsuccessfully—to denigrate his achievement and prise him from the niche he had so brilliantly occupied. But defensive zeal was soon proved to be as unnecessary as it was uncalled for ; the author merely meant that she had collected so much material from people who had written to her, following her biography *Gilbert Keith Chesterton,* that she had had to abandon her idea of enlarging that book in favour of writing an entirely new one about him.

The kind giant

So " return " for Maisie Ward is to Chesterton the man, as seen through her correspondents' glowing, affectionate, grateful eyes. They have helped her not to make a symposium of his writings and ideas (although news of these inevitably abounds) but of his grace and favour to old or young, humble or rich, worthy or not, with all of whom he was supremely at ease and who delighted in the charm that was his as a kind of royal birthright. The poor yet subscribed to press-cutting agencies for the sole purpose of gleaning every word he published, and when he was to appear on a platform this generation can have no idea of the delicious agitation that ran through the serried ranks of his admirers. The book is lavishly decorated with his own previously scattered drawings, poems and letters, many of them sent to youth, whose gaily wise and witty adviser he was. As a schoolgirl I read him ecstatically and followed him around to lectures whenever permitted. Once, when I was 18, he shook my hand. What he said or if I answered are now and were then only wild surmise—lost in the terrific heart-beats of incredible wonder— but, this hand remained ungloved, that night I could not even wash it, and for long after I would gaze at it reverently just because it had been inside Mr. Chesterton's. Somebody recently said, "there is no controversialist alive big enough to wear the Chestertonian mantle." Dare one hope posterity will be regretting that Chesterton so nearly missed inclusion in the second Elizabethan age of literature whose dawn we ourselves are yearning to see ?

Greece's bright morning

> As a weapon for his wit he possesses amazing skill in the use of language . . dialogue scintillates with apt quotation, parody, different dialects, coined portmanteau words of the poet's own . . .

But this was said of Aristophanes, and is quoted from GREEK LITERATURE FOR THE MODERN READER by H. C. Baldry (*Cambridge University Press.* 18*s.*). The Professor of Classics in the University of Cape Town indicates herein something of the universal indebtedness to Homer and the epic tradition, to dance, music and song, to the connection between drama and democracy, to the rise of prose, to the historians Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon, to the Platonic dialogues, to the scholar poets who were still writing nearly 900 years after Alexander —all windows on the Greek world and thus on our literary heritage. The author's crisp and flowing style does not disguise the formidable proportions of the long and difficult story but it enables him to sweep the reader along with him from the opening sentence to the retreat from reason of the Graeco-Roman world : " Greek literature dawned with the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey.* Now, in its late afternoon, Theocritus bids us sport with

Amaryllis in the shade. The brilliance of midday is past and gone, and twilight seems not very far ahead." Not far too to seek the professor's prose models. For him the Greek drama lives on, its characters old and true as Everyman.

Norway's "golden age"

So too a Peer Gynt speaks for us all, just as does a Hedda Gabler, or the people do in *A Doll's House* or in *Ghosts*. Their creator was the apex of a devoted triangle whose pattern is drawn and filled in with THE THREE IBSENS (*Hutchinson*. 15*s*.). Bergliot Ibsen, the author, is the daughter-in-law of Henrik and Suzannah, being the wife of their only son Sigurd. She herself, the daughter of Bjornson, was also a *lieder* and opera singer of some renown, but she does not attempt to turn the triangle into a square. One likes the story of her presentation to Queen Sophie of Sweden.

> . . . the first Lady of Honour announced in a loud voice : "Fru Bjornson". I laughed and said : "My name is Fru Ibsen." The Queen's expression was priceless. After that I was presented to Princess Ingeborg and much concerned she asked me : "How is your father?" Ibsen was not very well at the time. The Court laughed at these misunderstandings for a long time after.

Letters between husband, wife and son are allowed to throw their own light on the personalities of their writers. The years abroad, the frustrations both theatrical and political in Norway, and their happy band of friends are described with the admirable aid of Gerik Schjelderup, the translator. This is a 'personal' book that nevertheless avoids chat.

Highways and byways

For all that it purports to be autobiographical, Henry Baerlein's ALL ROADS LEAD TO PEOPLE (*Stanley Paul*. 21*s*.) is not 'personal' and is full of chat. This is said without disparagement for he is an inspired chatterer, as his *Squire of Piccadilly* so recently and conclusively demonstrated, one who has the gift of drawing it out of others. (Characteristically he says : "In the corridor of a train I happened to be in conversation with a splendid-looking woman who turned out to be Bergliot Ibsen . . . she created the part of Brunhilde at La Scala.") On every page there is a good story, a humorous aside, a shrewd comment on roads and people alike. These stand out, often quite vividly, but the author remains shadowy even when he is describing his birthplace, his schooldays at Charterhouse, his experiences at Cambridge and his wanderings about the world. One forgives him for this because it surely springs from the sort of modesty that assumes other men and women to be so eminently worth writing about. Perhaps one day he will garner the fruits of a lifetime's philosophy learnt in travel, journalism and the brand of conversation at which he excels—bland but cocking a quizzical eyebrow—into a real autobiography.

Tilting with Spectres

Meanwhile, as if to confirm nonchalantly that he can turn his hand to anything, and not least to the feat of producing three books within six months, Mr. Baerlein gives us his translation from the Spanish of Wenceslao Fernandez Florez' LAUGH AND THE GHOSTS LAUGH WITH YOU . . . (*British Technical and General Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.). The translator's introduction sets the tone of the book. He describes his author's inauguration as a member of the Spanish Academy in 1945 when Don Julio Casares made the prescribed reply, and this critic's previous comments draw from Henry Baerlein the remark : "A good many people were surprised to hear Fernandez Florez called a moralist : among them was Fernandez Florez." Yet this collection of most untraditional ghost stories would give the lie to any supposition that their author is "merely a purveyor of jovial humour." His was and is a fearless voice raised in the defence of the weak, despising editorial anonymity and never criticising from the safety of a foreign land. Once indeed

> military potentates in the Spanish civil war, enraged by the wounds which his arrows

inflicted, made it necessary for him to shelter for a time in a foreign embassy in Madrid and there the bathroom, apparently existing for that purpose, was placed at his disposal.

But his ghosts are impish, sprightly, Don Quixotic, with a sense of humour akin to the translator's own. Such a well-matched collaboration could only result in a happy book.

On Santiago's outskirts

And such a command of Spanish would better have served C. J. Lambert when he went back to the Chilean farm he had inherited, after an absence that had lasted since he was five years old, with Eton, Oxford, the trenches of Flanders in the 1914-1918 war, and a German prison camp intervening. In SWEET WATERS (*Chatto & Windus*. 15*s*.) he relates the saga of cattle, cowboys, creoles, housekeeping, gifts, pets, neighbours, visitors, the peon's women-folk, the tame condor on the roof, rainfall, little grey foxes and large red ones, on his 40,000-acre tract of land. And in his memory, for he has long since left it, its feudal-like atmosphere, its hundreds of Chileans who helped him run it with their age-old *mañana* and *costumbre* attitudes, its 500-acre fields surrounded by the tall Lombardy poplars, are all dear. He communicates to his readers a wistful sense that here was a younger, fresher world for ever vanished.

Moments of truth

"Picking up Spanish from cowboys" says Mr. Lambert, "was the equivalent of learning English from a Billingsgate fish porter or bargee. When I speak Spanish, people sit up and take notice." And when Willy Goldman speaks Whitechapel English we also sit up and take notice, not for the same reason—that it has been picked up and used inadequately with grotesque or hair-curling results—but, because by living with it as part of his background, he is able to transfer and reproduce so that his readers hear the ring of authenticity in it. The author of *East End My Cradle* was born in London's dockland, one of the eight children of immigrant Russian parents, and worked after school hours from the age of 12 in the clothing "sweatshops" of which he now writes in A SAINT IN THE MAKING (*Constellation Books*. 9*s*. 6d.).

The story that gives a name to the book is a case in point. The grandfather has been so sensitively and caustically observed that one takes it for granted that Mr. Goldman is imparting a piece of autobiography, and of poor, doomed Minka Salomen in "A Youthful Idyll" it is hard to write without a return of the emotion that accompanied the reading. The drawings by Sochachewsky have imprisoned some of these poignant moments in café, air-raid shelter, alley, and tiny basement holding nine or ten pressers, machiners and tailors.

Gains and losses

How far improvements have been successful since Mr. Goldman's boyhood in the conditions surrounding THE YOUNG WAGE-EARNER may be judged in this survey by Thomas Ferguson and James Cunnison (*Oxford University Press*. 8*s*. 6*d*.). They studied the home environment and school-days of a group of Glasgow boys and kept contact with them and their families for three years after school. Their findings on choice of jobs, training, unemployment, evening-class attendance, social activities and so on, led them to consider such phenomena as overcrowding, lack of guidance, broken homes, careless parents and crime. As the Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow says in his Foreword, "over the last half-century our social action has achieved results over a wide front." But this book is still "a challenge to conscience and imagination, and a pointer to a just diagnosis."

GRACE BANYARD.

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